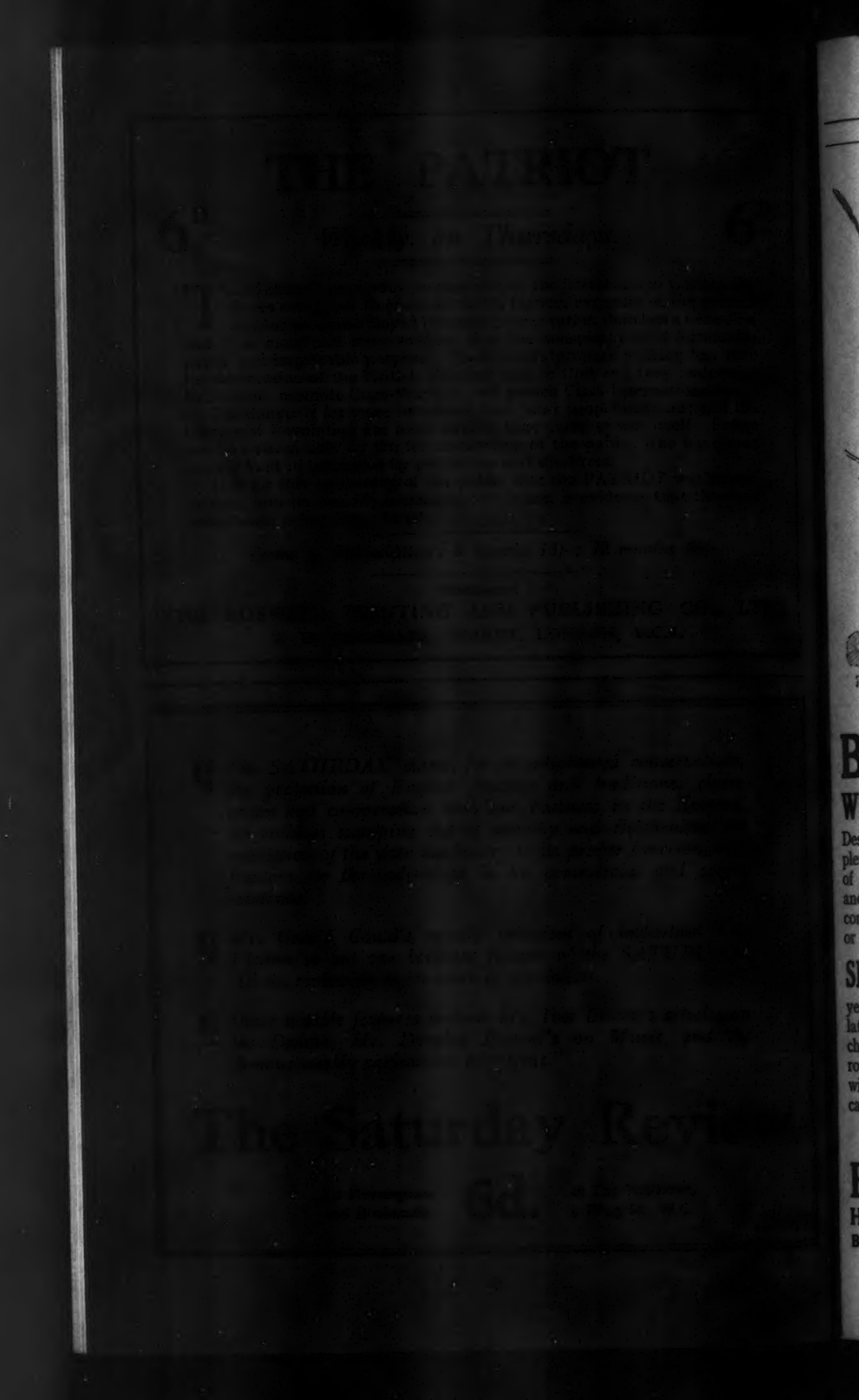
THE ENGLISH REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1924



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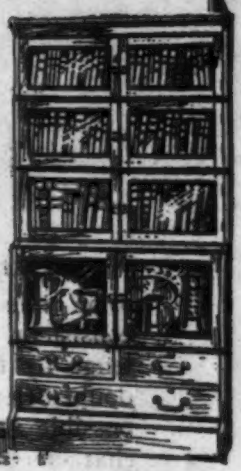

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NOVEMBER, 1924.

Correspondence

The "Shakespearean" Myth

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—It was our hope that, by stating certain indisputable facts, some believer in the myth might feel constrained to supply explanations consistent with his creed. Mr. C. M. Haines evades our simple challenge by totally asserting that "most of the arguments . . . have no doubt often been rebutted; but as they persist in reappearing, it seems possible that there is room for another reply." His "no doubt" is characteristic of Sir S. Lee's Life of the Impostor. The facts we have adduced have never been "rebutted," and Mr. Haines makes no attempt in this direction. Instead he reiterates old fallacies which have been disproved over and over again. We are accused of being "so obsessed with the amount of Shakespeare's learning that we fail to notice its quality," and the hackneyed cases of "the sea-coast of Bohemia and the island of Delphos" are again dragged in to prove "Shakespeare's" "obvious inaccuracy." It has been pointed out over and over again that Bohemia at one time had a seaport. The allusion, in fact, proves the knowledge of a travelled man. The use of "Delphos" has first-class contemporary authority.

Mr. Charles Allen and Mr. J. M. Robertson have cited alleged instances of Shakespeare's "bad law." Their authority can hardly stand beside that of Lord Chancellor Campbell; but every instance has been examined by Sir George Greenwood—a lawyer—and shown to be hopelessly false.* Only an actual Lord Chancellor could have known the procedure of a Legislative Ecclesiastical Court, as indicated in *Henry VIII.*

Mr. Haines has done us the honour of referring to our statement regarding *Love's Labour's Lost.* His "reply" is: "Admitting that Bacon knew all about the Court of Navarre, how can we be sure that Shakespeare did not?" Our point is that "Shakespeare," within a few years of leaving Stratford, an ignorant yokel employed in killing calves, could not have known the names of the courtiers of Navarre and

* *Shakespeare's Law.* Cecil Palmer.

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accurate details of a certain political transaction which he could have derived only from an obscure French book.

Lord Pembroke having spoken of his "old acquaintance Burbadg," Mr. Haines courageously claims that this "disposes of the Baconian contention that Shakespeare could not have been acquainted with the Earl of Southampton"! Obviously, it proves nothing of the sort, and we have shown that the Burbage family must have been unaware of "Shakespeare's" authorship.

He goes on to say that Bacon did arrange "theatrical productions at Gray's Inn," but "was never allowed to write anything." He has never even heard of *The Conference of Pleasure*!

Quite in the best style of Sir S. Lee, he lightly alludes to "Shakespeare's own Cotswold country." The Cotswolds are at least forty miles from Stratford, and there is not the smallest evidence or probability that Shakespeare ever saw his "own" country.

In Bacon's notebook occur the lines:—

"Of sufferance comes ease."

In 2 *Henry IV.* we find:—

"Of sufferance cometh ease."

There are hundreds of parallels as startling which Mr. Haines dismisses with the remark that a "fine critic, Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, has said that 'it is psychologically impossible that the mind of Bacon could have produced *Hamlet*.'" What Mr. Abercrombie said, as Mr. Justice Stoneleigh would have pointed out, is not evidence. What we wished Mr. Haines to tell us was, who added 1,800 lines to *Hamlet* seven years after Shakespeare's death, why the same quotation from Tacitus occurs in *Hamlet* and in Bacon's text, and also why there is a significant alteration in the *Hamlet* of the Folio when Bacon had changed his mind.

It would be unprofitable to comment on other assertions which seem to satisfy Mr. Haines. We did not allude to the Cambridge book on *Shakespeare's Hand in the Play of "Sir Thomas More,"* because (1) it is the wildest flight of imagination which Stratfordians have yet accomplished, and (2) it was about to be finally proved incredible by Sir G. Greenwood.*

The outstanding feature of Mr. Haines's article is that he—perhaps unconsciously—shows that he has not grasped the position of the great plays in the history of world literature. We are told that "his (Shakespeare's) position was not unlike that of a reporter on a daily paper." "Shakespeare's learning tallies exactly with his position as theatrical reporter." "He was 'on tap,' and whenever the company wanted anything, he wrote it." *Othello* and *Lear* "on tap"! This conception of the plays may help Mr. Haines to believe that they were written by Shagspere, of Stratford, but it flagrantly conflicts with the verdict of educated mankind. He speaks of the mass of evidence which establishes Shakespeare's authorship, but he has not produced a shred of valid evidence, because none exists.

We are, etc.,

SYDENHAM.

H. CROUCH BATCHELOR.

* *Shakespeare's Signatures.* Cecil Palmer (just published).

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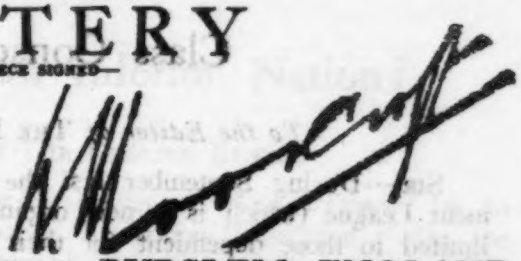

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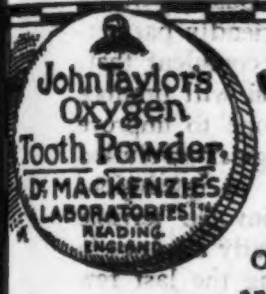

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Class Consciousness

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—During September last the Workers' Liberty and Employment League (which is a new organisation of which membership is limited to those dependent for their livelihood on the work of their hands or brains) held twenty open-air meetings in Socialist centres in London. Although there was often considerable Communist opposition, these meetings, on the whole, received very sympathetic hearings.

The main object of this League is to end class consciousness within the anti-Socialist parties, and to promote an equal and friendly partnership between Labour and Capital. The Executive are confident that, whilst the evolution of class friendship and co-operation will produce that national prosperity by which alone workers can hope to improve their standard of living, on the other hand the logical evolution of class hatred from class consciousness can only end in revolution, starvation, and unemployment, which will not only involve terrible suffering to workers, but will put back indefinitely the steady advance in the social progress of workers which has occurred during the last few decades.

The League, which is entirely controlled by, and composed of, workers, the majority being weekly wage-earners, realise that a class war, disastrous alike to Labour and Capital, is inevitable if the existing anti-Socialist workers' dilemma at the time of a Parliamentary Election is not removed. This dilemma is the choice between policy and class, which can only be ended by admitting workers on an *equal footing* with Capital in every section of the anti-Socialist parties, including Cabinet, Parliament, and Executives of Local Associations. Unless this democratisation of the anti-Socialist parties is commenced now, and the genuineness of the often stated desire proved by the adoption of a considerable number of working-class anti-Socialist candidates at the next General Election, workers who remember the unfulfilled pledges of 1911 regarding the democratisation of political parties will be compelled to conclude that the old parties do not really desire to admit workers to an equal control with capitalists in such parties. In defence of their class interests, and haunted by the memory of class tyranny in the "bad old days," workers will then feel bound to give their votes to the Socialist party, not because they are in sympathy with nationalisation of industry or any attack on Capital, but because the Socialist party is largely controlled by workers like themselves.

I shall be pleased to forward full details of the policy and constitution of the Workers' Liberty and Employment League to any worker who sends me a stamped and addressed envelope to 143, Harley Street, W.1.

I am, etc.,

H. WANSEY BAYLY,

President, Workers' Liberty and Employment League.

Are the Irish an Inferior Nation?

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have read the article in your excellent REVIEW, by an Irishman (?) who styles himself "Patricius," entitled "Are the Irish an Inferior Nation?" with much interest and amusement—interest, for as an Irishman I am ever interested in the doings of my glorious country and her gallant sons; amusement, for ignorance ever excites the amusement and contempt of the well-informed. But my amusement is tinctured with pity and amazement, that such ignorance could exist in an educated mind, and that it should pass the muster of the Editor of this famous REVIEW.

Some men crudely, no doubt, term misstatements lies; but these are too hasty, too sweeping, in their condemnation, for even that prodigy, Macaulay's schoolboy, knows that "ignorance covereth a multitude of misstatements."

"Patricius," in the first sentence of his pithy article, states very truly that one only gets a true estimate of one's character by an unprejudiced examination of conscience; also—and here again we are allowed another glimpse of the obvious—that only to consider virtues and to pass over vices is not the correct way to examine one's conscience. Knowing all this, does he not see that the antithesis is likewise true? Apparently not, or he would hesitate before he wrote his article.

He condemns us for our pride of race, calling it a vice. Yet verse which ranks amongst the most *popular* in English literature, lauds this very vice to the skies. Does he forget those stirring lines: "Lives there a man with soul so dead, that never to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land"? If he condemns the phrase, "Irish, and proud of it, too," he at the same time condemns that equally well-worn phrase, "We are English, the salt of the earth." Also, he condemns the spirit that caused Wembley to be created, for was not that Exhibition the greatest emblem of pride of race the world has ever known?

He asks how Ireland, if a superior nation, could be subdued by painted savages. Sir, I do not pretend to know the solution of this idle riddle. Ireland was subdued by Henry II. in 1171, aided by his Norman troops. Till that time England had despatched no hostile expedition to Ireland, for the very good reason that the former nation had been conquered in turn by Vandal, Hun, Norseman, and Saxon, till finally the Norman, under the first William, levelled the land and made it his own.

Another of his misstatements is that Ireland in the time of Henry II. was equal in population to England. This is possible though improbable. But Henry II. drew his army not only from England, Scotland and Wales, but also from France (*vide Irish Nationality*, by Alice Stopford Green). So his argument that Ireland was on an equal

military footing with England, and became an inferior nation by allowing an equal to conquer her, is utterly false. For if we admit this conclusion on his premises, any nation that has been conquered is an inferior nation. Then all the great empires of antiquity were inferior? Is, therefore, the English nation an inferior one because Rome conquered it, because the Normans conquered it? His logic is as sound as the Russian rouble.

I appeal, Sir, to that much-vaunted attribute which Britons are said to possess in no small degree—their innate sense of fair play—to publish my answer to the (I hope) well-meaning critic of my country.

I am, etc.,

E. C. F. COYLE.

Dublin.

Humane Slaughtering

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just been sent the March number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, with article by H. Baker, "The Mechanical Killer."

(*a*) Surely to imply that enteric and dysentery in the Boer War were caused only, or chiefly, by fresh-killed meat improperly bled is rather a wild statement? How exactly were animals slaughtered in that campaign? There was a good deal of dysentery in the S.A. campaign, but I believe animals were mostly killed by the usual barbaric and inhuman method in vogue in this country, *i.e.*, throat-cutting by native African servants.

(*b*) As far as my experience of meat goes, there is no difference in keeping quality between game shot, even if killed stone dead by the bullet and bled some time after, and meat killed by the beastly method already referred to, and practised here by nearly all butchers. It seems to depend chiefly on the weather and where it is hung; but I note that Mr. Baker refers to pigs only. Possibly pig meat differs from buck and beef, but I have known a bacon-curer, even in this country, who shot his pigs—all honour to him, and to one butcher of my acquaintance who shoots his bullocks.

(*c*) I suggest that the opposition to humane slaughtering is chiefly due to that stubborn resistance to innovations of any kind so characteristic of English people, and to their entire inability to see anything from any point of view except their own; at once a very great strength and a very great weakness of our character (most amusing, but at the same time pathetic, and ultimately disastrous manifestations of this inability—or lack of imagination—are being constantly given by our local vocalists on native policy).

I believe humane slaughtering is imposed by law in many European countries. It would be interesting to know what their experiences are.

What, by the way, is the exact difference as regards resulting meat between putting a bullet or putting the spike of a pole-axe into an animal's brain?

I am, etc.,
N. C. F. CORBETT.

P.O. Eldoret, B.E. Africa (Kenya).

Shakespearean Metaphor

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I should not be surprised if objection is taken to Mr. Caink's ingenious interpretation of the curious metaphor employed by Hamlet: "I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

It might be suggested that Shakespeare would not speak of the southerly wind in allusion to the treacherous mission of the two spies of King Claudius, for do not the opening lines of *Twelfth Night* compare the strains of soft music with

> "the *sweet* south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour"?

But did Shakespeare write "south"? The original (First Folio) text says "sweet *sound*," and as the learned commentators could not understand this they altered it, and so lost the meaning which Bacon would have provided had they turned to the *Essay of Gardens*:

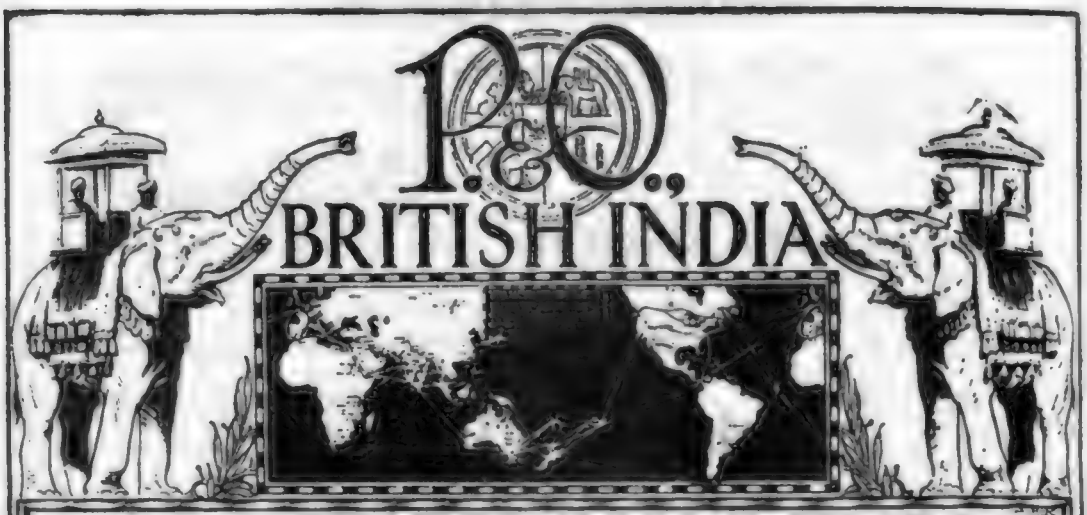
"The *breath* of flowers is sweetest in the air, where it comes and goes like *the warbling of music*."

Only the most sensitive and poetic ear could detect the "sweet sound," which Bacon says is like "the warbling of music," in the scent of flowers borne upon the air.

Yet both Shakespeare and Bacon heard it, and I could give hundreds of parallelisms between the works of the philosophical poet and the poetical philosopher no less remarkable than this example.

The works of Shakespeare will never be properly understood and appreciated whilst the Stratford idolatry narrows the outlook of scholarship. It is time our men-of-letters came into the open and faced the facts.

I am, etc.,
RODERICK L. EAGLE.



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A Straight Issue

A General Election, conceived, commenced, and completed within the content of a single month, leaves to a Review published on "the day after the fair," but necessarily sent to press previously, the somewhat difficult task of commenting upon a situation unknown when that comment is penned. We pretend to no gift of prophecy, and we are in the dark—equally with everyone else at the moment of writing—as to the results of all the electoral alarums and excursions now filling the land. If the issue should be an independent Conservative majority, great will be our joy and great the benefit which should then accrue to Britain and to the Empire. In that event we hope that the Government which Mr. Baldwin will form may prevent the peace of the world from being endangered by any facile acceptance of wild proposals emanating from Geneva, and may still leave the English people masters over their fleet and their fate. We trust that Imperial Preference may at last become a fact, and that, in our great Indian Empire, a Conservative Ministry may postpone the coming of the anarchy which our "reforms" invite, by substituting resolute administration for the miserable feebleness displayed by the Socialist Secretary of State. We are confident that, in respect of Ulster, it will preserve the honour of England, and that the one portion of Ireland where order and prosperity reign will never be handed over by a Conservative Cabinet to the tender mercies of the contemptible crew who have already nearly ruined the rest of the island. We believe also that a Conservative Government will do all that is possible to lessen the burden on industry by reducing taxation, and that it will effect economies by cutting down the monstrous expenditure on the Civil Service, rather than by mortgaging the future of

our race by further reduction of national defence. We are sanguine, too, that Conservative Ministers will look for the remedy for unemployment in the only direction where it can be found, namely, in the increase of production, and will not share the terrible error of Socialists and Liberals in supposing that the waste of that capital which is as the life-blood of British industry upon unproductive undertakings can ever do more than aggravate existing evil.

So much we say on the supposition that a state of affairs the most favourable conceivable has ensued from the General Election. But we are compelled also to take into account another widely different eventuality, which is that the *status quo* has been maintained, and that, as before the struggle, so after it, the strength of the three parties may be such as will give no one of them a majority against the other two. In that case an immense peril may not improbably confront this country—the peril of a new coalition. There will be shouts for some sort of fusion between Conservative and Liberal chiefs. All the subterranean forces which have been long working in the press and in private towards that goal will receive fresh life. A Centre Party, a National Party, any name will serve, but the thing itself, the abomination of which we have already made trial, may be urged once more upon us.

Here it is that the value of experience ought to be proved. Any man, or any party, may fall into grievous error once, but if, after consequent punishment, he make the same mistake again, then he is a fool. This would be precisely the position of England should it now accept a new "coalition" under whatever name. During all English history since Parliamentary government made its first beginnings in the reign of William III., no period of four years has ever been so disastrous as the period intervening between December, 1918, and the same month in 1922. Throughout that time the Conservative Party—still called the "Unionist"—may almost be said to have been forced to eat dirt every day. Whatever it chiefly existed to protect and to defend, that it was made to destroy. It stood for Empire—and it was made, through its Ministers, to undermine the very foundations of British rule in India, and to surrender that rule altogether in Egypt. It stood for sea power—and it was driven to the surrender of our naval supremacy at

Washington, the consequences of which are only now beginning to be visible in the incipient discord between the Dominions and Japan. It stood for the maintenance of the union with Ireland and of British interests therein—and what has happened there needs no telling. Lastly, and also fundamentally, the Conservative Party stood for the landed and agricultural interests of Britain, and what their state has become is patent for all men to see. Landed proprietors stripped of all that they possessed through an iniquitous system of unjust rating and taxing, and farmers ruined beyond redemption, remain as a monument of the manner in which their just claims were set aside by the Coalition. Starvation in the next war is the penalty which at the present moment the English people seem likely to have to pay.

But since, for these direful reasons, the Conservative Party should shun, as they would shun the plague, any approach towards coalition with the Liberal Party, as a party, what is to be done if the only alternative to such combination should be the continuance of the Socialists in office? Even that, we believe, would be the lesser evil of the two, for against them an open and honest resistance is possible, because then the Conservative Party would remain unfettered and free to fulfil its natural functions, while—when a Coalition such as the last is in power—that party becomes the very perpetrator of offence, and from being the watchman of the Empire, it is perverted into becoming its assassin.

The basic fact of the whole situation is simply this: there is in this country no room for three parties. The disruptive forces which tear in Britain at the roots of civilisation are represented by the Socialists and Communists, to oppose whom is the business of every decent God-fearing man and woman in the land. To fulfil that duty is the absolutely natural part of Conservatives who prefer evolution to revolution. In this fight not only is a third party not wanted, but its presence is fatal. Not merely in actual elections, but at all times its existence splits effective opposition; it confuses issues; it introduces an unreal factor into the sheer grapple between the powers of light and of darkness. We see no hope of any final victory over the Socialists so long as the Liberal Party continues in being. Yet without such victory—which

must be speedy if it is to be in time to save us—the Socialists will continue to destroy our economic position and the ruin of our people will be thereby assured. To get rid of the Liberal Party, of its organisation, of everything that gives it being, is, therefore, of the first necessity. Moreover, Liberal politicians, as distinct from the rank and file, are men whose unreliability has been recently proved, so that to trust them again would be an act of imbecility. Numbers of them are semi-Socialists. There could be no assurance that they might not, at some moment of crisis, desert their Conservative allies and go over, bag and baggage, to the enemy.

What follows from all these considerations is that every kind of parley or negotiation with these obsolete interlopers into modern politics should be avoided, since all such recognition tends to the prolongation of the Liberal party's pernicious being, while the needs of our time demand its disappearance from the scene. It is obsolete in that its sole modern function has been to abolish privilege, and privilege has now gone, with the significant exception of that new and profoundly injurious immunity of the trade unions, of which this same Liberal Party was the guilty author.

We have dealt as yet with but two of the possible outcomes of the General Election, namely, with the contingency of an independent Conservative majority, and, again, with that of the preservation, doubtless in a more or less modified form, of the previously existing stalemate. There remains but one other possible, though, as we trust, unlikely, issue—that of a Socialist majority strong enough to outvote all its opponents. In that event the people of England will have to eat the bitter fruit of their own folly. The enormous suffering of the poor, the prodigious increase of unemployment, and the ruin of our industries which must inevitably follow the practical application of the policy of nationalisation and of the capital levy, will speedily teach them the utter hollowness of Socialist pretensions. If the country can survive these blows, it will have learned a great lesson in the process. But it is vain to conceal the danger that the awakening may come too late, while always the red shadow of Communism, lurking in the background, waits for a chance.

Current Comments

The Election

WRITING necessarily before the result of the Election is known, it seems almost too much to hope that it will be sufficiently decisive to restore the country to political health. The plain fact is that, whatever the immediate issue, there is no room for more than two parties. In January last we wrote:—

> The Liberal Party is an anachronism, and must inevitably resolve itself into two sections, one of which will adhere to Labour and the other to Conservatism. The straight fight in the future will be between the constitutional forces, which will defend property and individual liberty—both articles in the creed of all orthodox Liberals—and the disruptive, predatory forces, which desire to rob all other classes in the State in the strange belief that by so doing they can benefit the one class which they claim to represent. Their policy of Capital Levy, nationalisation of industries, etc., is as abhorrent to all the saner and more intelligent elements of Liberalism, as it is to the Conservatives themselves.

Since unfortunately, however, this process, so vital to our national security, is not yet complete, it behoves all the constitutional elements in the country, Conservatives and Liberals alike, earnestly to consider by what means they can honourably unite their forces against the common enemy. We have repeatedly urged a method which would go far to solve the problem by removing from the sphere of party politics many of the differences which have divided the two older parties. Again we will quote from our comments in January last:—

> Nothing could more surely emphasise the dividing line between the only two real parties in the State, namely, the constitutional and the revolutionary, than the adoption of the Referendum as a method of deciding such crucial questions as, for instance, Protection or Prohibition, which traverse the otherwise clearly cut lines of national party politics. The removal of such confusing subjects from the field of party would powerfully tend to the simplification of national issues into two broadly opposed divisions.

Continued apathy, want of grit, and muddled thinking can only end in Socialist, and ultimately Communist, domination. This would so quickly destroy the very foundations of government and produce such chaos that it is doubtful whether ordinary constitutional means would avail to re-establish order. We should need a Cromwell.

Security First

We make no apology—we shall never make any apology until the end is gained—for returning to the question of "security"; the security of the peace in Western Europe at least in our time. Peace in Western Europe—where is the danger? "A prudent man foreseeth the evil"; and the one evil which prudent, albeit mortal, men can foresee at the moment is phœnix-like aggression by Germany. Here comes the dividing line. It is said, on the one hand, that Germany, through the various measures taken in pursuance of the Treaty of Versailles, is no longer *doli capax*; on the other hand, not only that she is so capable (and increasing daily in this capability), but that a retaliation of vengeance, directed in the first instance against France (but only in the first instance and only as the first step), is in her heart of hearts her one desire. To those who still hold the former view, we would ask consideration of the article on "The Disarmament of Germany and After," by Brigadier-General J. H. Morgan, in the October issue of *The Quarterly Review*. Here is no militarist propaganda; no facile scaremongering; no mere expression of individual, and therefore questionable, opinion; but carefully sifted evidence—irrefutable *facts*, which are set out by a trained, logical, civilian mind and which have been accumulated during the unexampled opportunity of the writer's tenure of the post of Deputy Adjutant-General on the Inter-Allied Commission of Control in Germany.

Stubborn Things

With the simple premise that the duty of the Commission of Control was to see that Germany carried out the obligations imposed on her by the Treaty of Versailles in regard to limitation of her armed men and their armaments, here are the facts:—

> On a conservative estimate, General von Seeckt has at his disposal at this moment at least 500,000 newly trained men, by which I mean men trained since 1921, to say nothing of all the annual classes of conscripts up to that year.
>
> After a most careful estimate by our experts in all the industrial districts of Germany, we found that from the moment control is withdrawn it would take the German authorities only one year to attain their maximum war production in 1918 of guns and munitions.
>
> Germany is in many respects far better prepared, industrially speaking, for a great war than she was in 1914. Profiting by the inflation of

the mark, her great industrialists have renewed and enormously extended their plant, and instead of scrapping and dismantling war factories erected during the war for munitions, as we have done, she has "converted" them; all these vast establishments are capable of reconversion, for the simple reason that the amount of plant *used for war manufacture* which we could condemn and destroy as utilisable for nothing else was an infinitesimal proportion of the whole—one of our experts put it as low as 5 per cent.

Not only is she better prepared for the production and "mobilisation" of *matériel de guerre* than in 1914, she is in one respect better prepared for the mobilisation of the Army. . . . Instead of having four independent or semi-independent armies and general staffs—Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg—as in 1914, she has now one Army for the whole of the *Reich* under one command.

If I am asked now what "close season" for European peace would be secured, as things now are, if the present control, feeble though it is, were terminated and the Rhine armies reduced to any considerable extent, my answer would be: One year. . .

In the face of this reasoned statement of facts, who can longer doubt that as regards menace to security by land (the danger by air was dealt with by M. André Michelin in our pages last month):—"The truth is that, as things are, the real security for the peace of Europe is not to be found in the results achieved, or likely to be achieved, by the Control Commission, or any Committee organised by the League of Nations, but in the occupation of the Rhineland and the Rhine bridgeheads—in particular, the bridgehead of Mainz."

The quotation is not from THE ENGLISH REVIEW. It is from Brigadier-General Morgan in the sober *Quarterly*; but let us put alongside it Marshal Foch, in our August issue:—"Nature has set up one barrier across the road followed by the invader—the Rhine. It must be both used and fought for, and therefore occupied and organised even in time of peace."

Argumentum ad pecuniam

EVEN the bitterness and the tragedy of the Irish controversy is sometimes relieved by a flash of the native wit. A well-known Southerner, ex-Nationalist and strong Sinn Feiner, had reason a year or so ago to settle in Belfast, where he has a business. While in Dublin recently he visited a popular restaurant, the resort of many of his old Sinn Fein associates, who roundly accused him of having deserted the South. His reply proved that whatever might have happened to his political opinions he had not lost his

Southern gift of repartee:—"I pay 1½*d.* for my stamps, you pay 2*d.* I pay 1*s.* for my cigarettes, you pay 1*s.* 3*d.* I pay 6*d.* for a bottle of Dublin stout, you pay 8*d.* You pay 5*s.* personal income tax with prospects of an increase, I pay 4*s.* 6*d.* with prospects of a decrease. You pay 6*s.* tax on your businesses (including 1*s.* corporation tax), I pay 4*s.* 6*d.* I have already learned the first verse of 'God Save the King,' and I don't mind telling you that I am learning the second!"

This question of taxation and the cost of living generally is likely to produce some very unpleasant surprises for the Free Staters when the Boundary Commission gets to work. It is already known that considerable numbers of the population just over the border would willingly exchange the doubtful and expensive blessings of "independent" government for the more solid advantages of cheaper living. On this ground alone many of the villages now inside the Ulster border coveted by the Free State will stoutly resist transfer notwithstanding their predominantly Catholic complexion.

Squaring the Circle

The touchstone of reality has been applied to the League of Nations, and at that touch the whole edifice of delusion begins to vanish like the mirage of the desert, which disappears upon approach. This is the actual state of affairs which, in spite of all the arts of camouflage, must become apparent to the British public when the end of the General Election allows them to look at the facts of the world. The chain of cause and effect is as instructive as it is clear. The League's aim is to abolish war, and the alternative to war is arbitration. But unless this be made compulsory, great nations will not submit to its award interests which they deem vital. Therefore a system of compulsion is proposed. "The Japanese," says the Geneva correspondent of the *Standard*, "have raised in its acutest form the whole problem of their relations with America in regard to immigration . . . and the red spectre of future wars has stalked through the halls of peace." Never will the United States consent to let this subject be dealt with by the League, and never will Japan abandon her claim. Thus the first substantive effect of the suggested compulsion has

been to thrust into the very forefront of contention just that problem which every statesman and every peace-lover must desire to keep in the background for the longest possible time. To imagine any greater disservice to the tranquillity of mankind than this would be difficult. The Genevan League has brought new world-conflict appreciably nearer. Not America only is involved. Already Australia and New Zealand have taken the alarm and have expressed unequivocally their fixed resolve under no circumstances whatever to permit this matter of Asiatic immigration to pass under any control but their own. Arbitration or no arbitration, says Mr. Massey, the New Zealand Premier, we will not have these people here. Yet Japan has demanded that any one country should be at liberty to call for the arbitrament of the League upon the immigration laws of another, and though it has been vaguely reported that some temporary verbal compromise has been reached, it is certain that on the main point she will never yield.

The League of War

UNDER the protocol proposed it was laid down that, should Japan refuse to accept a decision by the League on this subject, she would be guilty automatically of "aggression." In that case, under the arbitral scheme, the need for "compulsion" would arise, and the League's forces, which in this instance would consist of the remains of the British Navy, would be called on to apply it! On the other hand, if the British Dominions were the recalcitrant body, the same result would ensue, and—to put it in plain words—we of the Old Country should be expected, and bound by pledge, to make war on our own brethren! Could absolutely preposterous absurdity go further than this, which is, however, the situation now threatening actually to arise? Or could the ineffable foolishness of the whole idea of compulsory arbitration be more powerfully displayed?

The Consequences of Surrender

THE evil consequences of what might be termed the epidemic of surrender which fell upon England in the years immediately following the close of the war are becoming more apparent with every passing month. In Egypt the irreconcilable attitude of the Nationalist Party seems to render the pros-

pect of any sort of accommodation almost hopeless. Zaghloul has informed a representative of the *Matin* that in his recent interview with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald he had but one objective, namely, to bring about the British evacuation of Egypt. While this remains his sole aim Zaghloul might spare himself the trouble of coming to London. On the other hand, Mr. MacDonald has claimed that Zaghloul's conversation with him was by no means abortive and that the way had been prepared for later agreement. We should imagine that this is tantamount merely to saying that one of those famous "atmospheres" of peace, good will, etc., has been created. The hard facts are that we cannot afford to withdraw our garrison from Egypt, and that the Egyptians are totally unfit for self-government.

An interesting sequel to the visit of Zaghloul has been the attention to the subject which has been roused in Australia, whose concern with the safety of the Suez Canal is only less than our own. The truth is that the Dominions are discovering that what they once considered to be matters of foreign policy outside their purview in fact affect them deeply. Thus also a great Canadian newspaper, the *Montreal Star*, in referring to the Australian Premier's intervention in regard to Egypt, points out that there are other matters of external policy in which Canada is deeply involved, such as those Pacific Ocean questions of which we have written above. Undoubtedly the time has come for the creation of some such machinery to deal collectively with the affairs of the Empire as was suggested by Mr. H. F. Wyatt in the article which we published some months ago. The subject has also been treated in our pages by Colonel Cockshutt and Mr. Clement Jones. If the Conservative Party win the General Election we hope that a great move forward may soon be made.

Spades or Shovels?

One would have thought, *a priori*, that these were times in which the need for honest men to call a spade a spade was fairly obvious. The abuse poured out on all those who dare to defend the bases of civilisation is at once ceaseless and bitter. The onslaughts on the men who provide the capital,

without which British industry must perish and British workmen die of want, are bawled by Socialist orators from every street corner. Their effect is palpable, and, failing adequate reply, must do irreparable damage. Yet in spite of all this there are still good people who are filled with alarm at the smallest exhibition of a desire to hit back at the unscrupulous agitators whose breath is as a veritable pestilence.

"The Vampires"

Thus in August last The English Review pointed out in an editorial article entitled "The Vampires" that the trade unions of Britain were, through their "ca' canny" policy and the endless restrictions on production which they have imposed, in fact the principal creators of the unemployment which, while politically exploiting, they affect to bewail. We wrote: "They are acually deriving political profit from the very evil of which they are themselves the begetters. At any moment they could arrest the progress of that evil and set a contrary tide in motion by the simple expedient of throwing the tenets of Socialism overboard and substituting, in all productive industrial pursuits, piece work for time work. For sheer impudence, has there ever been a situation to match this? As one watches the crocodile tears roll down the cheeks of the unions while they watch the ruin and misery which they are themselves occasioning, the only appropriate quotation appears to consist of the words which the Walrus addressed to the oysters whom he was devouring:—

> 'I weep for you,' the Walrus said;
> 'I deeply sympathise.'
> With sobs and tears, he sorted out
> Those of the largest size."

Et Praevalebit

Is not every word of this comment true, and does it not convey a vital fact which requires to be shouted from the house tops throughout the land? Yet, apparently because of the use of the expression "crocodile tears," it has occasioned grief of soul to one of our readers, who writes, "If your object is to insult and exasperate people, that is the right way to achieve it," and objects strongly to any

imputation on the trade union leaders of knowingly and deliberately ruining industry and causing unemployment. Leaving out, however, the words "knowingly and deliberately" (which are his, not ours), the trade unions, beyond any reasoned denial, are actually doing precisely what is alleged. That all their speakers and writers are conscious of the iniquity which they are working we do not allege. Some, no doubt, are honest dupes, while many believers in the virtues of Socialism probably salve their consciences with the reflection that they are only doing evil that good may come. The Communists, however, who largely dominate the trade unions, share the tenets of Moscow and most earnestly seek to bring about the ruin of the country. Under the circumstances we consider extreme need to exist that the actual effects of Socialistic policy should be publicly stated.

Anatole France

It has been said, without too nice a distinction, that a writer may be judged great on account of one, two or all of three endowments—his power of expression; the originality or soundness of his thought and opinion; and, if a novelist, his capacity for telling a story. Anatole France was undoubtedly the most distinguished literary figure of his generation in his own country; to which of these qualities must this predominance be ascribed? The question, thus baldly put, should have only one answer—his power of expression. As an artist in clothing thought with the form of words, his place in French literature cannot be assailed. His style (to use a much misused term) is the very perfection of simplicity—not a frozen but a living perfection, yet undying from its complete independence of mere literary fashion. His thought and opinion constitute a less stable foundation. His criticism of life was in effect an intellectual nihilism, which would leave nothing surviving. Religion, human justice, conventional morality, material progress, science, democracy—he cared for none of these things. To the author of *L'Ile des Pingouins* property is simply theft, chastity a chimera, fidelity a delusion; and the classic voluptuousness of *Thaïs* soon becomes the brutal sensuality of *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, and others. In sharp contrast is the essential sanity and

tolerance of his criticism of letters—those weekly *causeries* which used to be such a feature of *Le Temps*, and to which Mr. Lewis May drew deserved attention in the January issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. As to the third quality, he was not a real story-teller; he had little of the art of constructing a plot, and could barely draw a character without investing it with one or other side of his own personality. His true manner was the autobiographical; and this fact, combined with the absence of sensuality and of outrages on religion and morality, is what makes *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard* a lasting delight.

As regards the English public—that is, those who can read him only in English—the pity is that Anatole France has to a large extent been read not for his unique, arresting perfection of expression, which defies translation, but for those less worthy elements in his works which unfortunately can be translated, and which, still more unfortunately, attract greater attention in their English cloak than in their French *déshabille*. Even among readers of French there is much hypocrisy as to the motives which cause him to be devoured. There are many people in the world like the Duchess of Strood in *The Gay Lord Quex*, who feel it necessary to protest that their sole attraction in certain books is their "style"- By the others, Anatole France will be read in truth for his style, when all else is forgotten or neglected; but they must do it in the original French.

[*The following will appear in the December number:—*

"Government and Power Development," by the Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, U.S.A.
"Public School Boys in Industry," by Gerard Fiennes.
"Christmas Meditations Upon Alcohol," by Henry Arthur Jones.
"Overseas Literature," by Lionel Stevenson.
"Brighton," by the Hon. Mrs. Strachey.

An exposition by Mr. J. Ellis Barker of Dr. M. Hindhede's system of nutrition will form the second of a series on "health" subjects, commenced in this number by Professor Leonard Hill's article on "The Common Cold."]

A Plea for Tsarism

By Professor Charles Sarolea

I

We are witnessing at the present moment a systematic conspiracy on the part of the Labour Party all over Europe both to whitewash and to consolidate the tottering Soviet *régime*. It either denies the crimes perpetrated by the Soviet dictators, or it endeavours to plead extenuating circumstances. With a curious consensus of opinion on both sides of the Channel, M. Herriot and M. de Monzie in France, Mr. Farbman, Mr. Arthur Ransome and Mr. Brailsford in England, try to convince us that the Bolshevists are the victims of untoward circumstances, that they are misguided idealists, that they succeeded to the evil inheritance of Tsarism, and that it is, therefore, Tsarism which must ultimately be held responsible.

II

Now it is quite true that, in a sense, the Bolshevists are mere continuators and imitators. And it is indeed a remarkable fact that those men who claim that they are ushering in a new world have not shown themselves capable of originating a single new political idea. It is true that the French Revolutionists also were imitators. But as they were educated men and as they had studied their classics, they at least were imbued with the heroic ideals of the Greek and Roman Republics. But there is not the remotest flavour of classic idealism in the Bolshevists. They took their examples nearer home. They copied all the worst features of the worst epochs of the old Muscovite monarchy. In a very real sense Lenin may claim to be the lineal successor of Ivan the Terrible.

The Tsars were accused of being irresponsible tyrants. But the Bolshevists have proved infinitely more tyrannical, having suppressed every civil and political liberty more ruthlessly than any Tsar of the dark ages.

The Tsars were accused of depending on elaborate police and espionage systems. But the Soviet police and the Soviet espionage are far more efficient than they ever were in the past. The very waiters in the Moscow hotels are appointed to spy on the foreign visitors who are enjoying the hospitality of the Government.

Tsarism was denounced for its bureaucratic officialdom; but there are far more bureaucratic parasites under the new *régime* than under the old. There is far more red tape, and the red tape is a much darker crimson and is strangling far more efficiently any private enterprise.

Tsarism was denounced because of its aggressive policy, because of its militarism and its imperialism. But whereas the Tsars generally succeeded in conciliating and assimilating their dependencies, the policy of the Soviet trampled down and alienated every subject race of the Russian Continent.

Tsarism was accused of being fanatical and intolerant. But the Tsarist inquisitors and the Tsarist censors were mere clumsy apprentices compared with their successors. The censors of Tsardom only prohibited an occasional objectionable article or book. The Bolshevists suppress all newspapers except their own, and the merest criticism of the Government is repressed as a crime of sedition and is visited with imprisonment or with the death penalty.

Tsarism was accused of systematically bribing European opinion for purposes of propaganda. But the Bolshevists, from the beginning, spent huge sums to corrupt the European Press, including the British Socialist Press.

Tsarism was accused of being an Asiatic power. But the Bolshevists have reverted to the oriental practices of the Tatars and the Mongols, and they surround themselves with a bodyguard of Chinese Janissaries.

III

The opinion, therefore, that the Bolshevists have continued the abuses of the past, that Lenin has played the sedulous ape to Ivan the Terrible, contains a large element of truth. But it is only one half of the truth, and it is one of those half-truths which are more misleading and

more dangerous than a complete error. Bolshevism may recall certain aspects of Tsarism, but it resembles Tsarism only in the sense that a caricature resembles a portrait, or in the sense that a chimpanzee recalls the human countenance. Bolshevism only reproduces and exaggerates the evil features of the worst occupants of the Russian Throne in the darkest ages. It does not reproduce any of the good features or any of the strong points of the Tsarist system of government. The resemblances, therefore, between the old monarchy and the new dictatorship are entirely superficial. The differences are fundamental. And to put the two systems on the same level is an insult to Tsarism and a challenge to historical truth.

This statement may seem to be an exaggeration, but it will be an exaggeration only for those who have not taken the trouble to study Russian history and who do not know what Tsarism stood for in the past. It has always to be kept in mind that before the war the average Englishman did not take his ideas from reliable Russian authorities or from such liberal publicists as Mackenzie Wallace or Anatole Leroy Beaulieu, who had made an impartial study of Russian conditions. We usually took our notions about Russian affairs from refugees, from nihilists, and from Jews. It is as unfair to judge the policy of Alexander II or Nicholas II from the accounts of their enemies as it was to judge the policy and character of Louis XIV from the accounts of French Huguenot refugees, or as it would be for a Frenchman to accept the condemnation of the English administration from the mouths of Indian Nationalists.

IV

Leaving out of account, therefore, the biased judgments of pre-war nihilists and misguided Radicals, let us examine the fundamental features of the old Russian monarchy. We shall then understand why it is a grotesque travesty of history either to compare Bolshevism with Tsarism, or to make Tsarism responsible for the crimes of its successors.

(1) We used to be told that Tsarism was a despotism tempered by assassination. In fact, it was a despotism

tempered by tradition and religion, by immemorial customs and by public opinion. In times of political crises the powers of representative assemblies might be curtailed, but it is inconceivable that Nicholas II should have dismissed, imprisoned and murdered the members of the Douma, as the Bolshevists dismissed, imprisoned and murdered the members of the Constituent Assembly in January, 1918.

(2) We used to be told that Tsarism entirely depended on the use of brute force. In fact, it was mainly dependent on spiritual forces. It was a theocracy even more than an autocracy. The Greek Orthodox Church may have stood for an inferior form of Christianity; still Tsarism was essentially a Christian government and Christian principles did inform its policy. The death penalty was seldom applied, even to punish the gravest political crimes. A sentence of exile to Siberia, under conditions of comparative freedom, was the most usual form of repression. And such repression cannot be compared with the massacre of hostages, with the methods of wholesale slaughter, consistently followed by the Bolshevist dictators.

(3) The old monarchy was often described as anti-democratic. In fact, it was a democratic form of absolute Government. Like the Government of Napoleon III, it found its support not in the aristocracy, but in the peasantry, and a considerable proportion of the peasantry managed their own affairs in some 40,000 little republics or village communities.

(4) It is quite true that Tsarism, like France and Prussia, suffered from the evils of centralisation. But since the reign of Alexander II considerable progress had been made in the direction of self-government. Not only did Zemstvos or county councils exist in every part of the Empire, but 25,000 co-operative societies had been established to promote the interests of the peasant population; and it is one of the many crimes of Bolshevism that it ruthlessly suppressed those co-operative societies established and encouraged by the old monarchy.

(5) It is a gratuitous assumption that Tsarism was incompatible with civil or political liberty. Anyone who reads the Russian political literature of the last century will agree that there was more liberty of speech in Russia than there was in Germany or Austria. As for the atmo-

sphere of social life, it was probably freer than even in Great Britain.

(6) It is generally assumed that Tsarism was an essentially obscurantist government. Only yesterday Mr. George Bernard Shaw informed us in the syllabus of a forthcoming course of lectures that under the Tsars it was a crime to teach children to read. This is a ludicrous mis-statement. Indeed, the progress of secondary and higher education generally had been so rapid that it had created a vast intellectual proletariat, and that the seats of learning had become hot-beds of revolution and anarchy.

(7) In the judgment of Western public opinion Tsarism and reaction had become synonymous terms. In fact, the old Russian monarchy was perhaps one of the most progressive Governments of Europe. For it may almost be said to be a law of Russian history that reforms did not come from below, but from above, and often had to be imposed by the rulers upon a reluctant people. Tsarism was not a power of darkness. On the contrary, it was generally opposing the powers of darkness. We are always forgetting that when Ivan the Terrible ascended the Throne, the Russian people had only recently shaken off the yoke of the Tatars and the Mongols.

The progress of Russia since Peter the Great was so startling that Anatole Leroy Beaulieu, the highest European authority on Russia, frequently compares the evolution of Russia with the evolution of the United States. Within the last hundred years Russia had made gigantic strides in every direction.

(8) It is equally absurd to describe Tsarism as an Imperialistic Government. The expansion of Russia, like the expansion of the United States, was mainly a process of peaceful penetration. Already in the seventeenth century Russian colonisation had spread over Siberia and had reached the Pacific. In the opinion of the best judges the Russian people were amongst the best colonists of the world. Whereas the Bolshevists have alienated, the old monarchy had conciliated all its subject races except Poland.

V

After all, any form of Government must be ultimately tested both by its being adapted to the mentality of the

people and by the results which it achieved. If we are to apply the first test we have only to consider the consequence of the catastrophe which followed the disappearance of the Tsarist Government. On the other hand, if we are to test Tsarism by its achievements, we are driven to the conclusion that, with all its blemishes, it was a civilising influence. I have amply proved this contention in my war book, *Europe's Debt to Russia*. And the civilisation which Tsarism evolved was even greater in the arts of peace than in the arts of war. Russia within the last three generations had produced one of the most original literatures of the world. She was equally supreme in the realm of music. Social life in Petrograd and Moscow might claim to be more cultured than in Berlin.

It may be that the old monarchy had outlived its usefulness. At the outbreak of the war it was certainly undergoing a process of complete transformation. Recent events, however, raise in our minds a very grave doubt as to whether the Russian people were ripe for the representative institutions of Great Britain, and as to whether Tsarism does not remain until this day the one form of government best adapted to the Russian people. A nation of peasants which for seven years has submitted to the horrors of a Bolshevist dictatorship is scarcely ripe for political liberty. Indeed, every historical analogy points to the probability that a strong monarchy may still be, in the near future, the only form of government which is capable of evolving order out of chaos, just as a strong government in India may be the only means of preventing the Indian continent from relapsing into disunion.

We are told by the oldest Russian chronicler, Nestor, that in the year of grace 862 the Russian people sent an appeal to the Norse chieftain, Rurik, the founder of the first dynasty: "Our country is large and fertile, but we have no order amongst us. Come amongst us to reign and to rule over us." The same pathetic appeal to a strong government, the same protest against lawless violence, is to-day, after a thousand years, the passionate and instinctive cry of every patriotic Russian.

The Letters of an Englishman

A History of France

By Charles Whibley

Not long ago it was fashionable to regard history as a dry-as-dust science. We were told that an historian should not betray in his works a prejudice, a desire, or an opinion. Mommsen, it was said, was an historian when he collected inscriptions; he was not an historian when he wrote the famous history of Rome. If this were not playing with words, it was a gloomy view to take of what in happier times was regarded as a delicate art. It was not the view that was taken by Thucydides or Tacitus, by Clarendon or Macaulay or Froude. It was, indeed, but a heresy of fashion, as is shown by the celerity with which it has fallen into oblivion.

The truth is that, if the historian be anything better than a gatherer of unrelated facts, he cannot exclude himself and his thoughts from his narrative. If he could exclude himself, he would find few readers. A history that is not coloured by an artist's hand is deprived of its chief interest. We like to look at the past through another's temperament; we delight to discover in the selection of facts, and in the praise or blame of kings and statesmen, the sympathy or disdain of the historian. The political philosophy of Thucydides is of greater importance to us than the mere episodes of the Peloponnesian War. The last fight in the harbour of Syracuse, as it was envisaged and set forth by the artist, is a tragedy whose poignancy time can never obliterate. If the artist had lacked skill, or had concealed his prejudice, we should be forced to content ourselves with a plain statement. The significance of the tragedy would have been lost in its drab surroundings, and Nicias himself would have been no more than a name.

The worst of it, for those who believe in the gospel of tradition, is that the province of history has been annexed in England by the Whigs, in France by Radical rhetoricians. The philosophy, which should teach by examples, has been perverted to a sinister end. Clarendon,

alone in the past, has permeated his narrative with sound principles. He has given us not only a set of characters, such as only a man of genius could have drawn, but an exposition of Toryism which may be read to-day with great advantage by all those who waver in the faith. On the other hand, it would be hard to estimate the harm that Macaulay's eloquence has done to the world. He has poured a subtle poison into the ears of his readers; he has infected them with the virus of his own Whiggish doctrines. For Macaulay was not merely a fine writer, he was a preacher as well; and many an inheritor of sound opinion, lulled to sleep by the music of Macaulay's prose, has awakened with a love of "reform" in his mind, and a fine set of pestilent catchwords upon his tongue.

At last the balance is being redressed. The Whig dogs no longer have it all their own way. For those Englishmen who desire to look at the past through Tory spectacles, there is Mr. Charles Fletcher's history, which refuses obstinately to encourage the prejudices of the Whigs. And lately there has been published an *Histoire de France*, by Jacques Bainville, from which the last drop of rhetoric and sentimentalism has been squeezed out. Its vast success—it has passed through an immense number of editions—is of good omen for France. It does not hesitate to extol the part that the kings have played in French history. It is not afraid of the drum and trumpet. Like all good Frenchmen, M. Bainville is sensible of his country's glory, and does not underrate at any point of time the grandeur of her achievement. He does not pretend to compose an original work. It is his to clarify the history of France, not to make it afresh. He has aimed at a kind of impartiality, which happily he has not always attained. How could he, when it is his to choose among a thousand facts those which are nearest to his purpose? But he has aimed also at writing a book of good sense, a book which shall prove how the changes and chances of history are links in a chain, and with the utmost skill he has shown how closely these links are held together. We can judge history, he says, only by its results. "In comparing our condition with that of our ancestors," thus he writes, "we are led to think that the French people should esteem itself happy when it lives

in peace and order, when it is not invaded and ravaged, when it escapes the wars of destruction, and those civil wars, no less terrible, which in the course of centuries it has not been spared."

Peace and order! Any country is fortunate which attains them. How often has France, in her amazing career, escaped them? If that country be happy which has no history, then France has been unhappy indeed. But the proverb is not wholly true, and France may be proud of her chequered records, of the faith and endurance which have brought her through suffering and disorder back again to security and to peace. Bainville is, as all men know, a Royalist and a Conservative. He believes devoutly that the best chance that France has of a settled government and a continuous life is to be governed by a king, who will be not for a class but for all the people, and who will see justice equally done to citizens of every rank. He does not display his own opinions of kingship in this book, except that he shows his readers how Louis XI extended his borders and gave good government to his country by his wisdom and courage. A king who aimed sternly at this end could not fail, and Louis XI, despite his cruelties and his superstitions, kept the end, which was the welfare of France, always in view. Again, he explains in a few pages of admirable lucidity how Louis XIV restored calm to his country, saved it for fifty years from invasion, and made his beneficent authority felt in every corner of his realm. And to whichever page of his book you turn, to whichever reign, you may watch the steady growth of France, the bitter disasters which have overtaken her, and her swift recovery after these disasters.

France is to-day still making history. Her trials are not yet over, and M. Bainville, in bringing down his history as far as yesterday, when the grand lines are naturally indistinct, shows the greatest courage. He asks sadly, what is France looking for now that peace is concluded? She is looking, he answers, for a security and for guarantees against the possible revenge of Germany. She is also looking, and looking in vain, for the reparations which she has been promised and has not attained, the reparations without which her prosperity can hardly be restored. And this is what we should remember always

when differences arise between us and France. We have such security as the sea provides. We have no bitter enemy across a thinly drawn frontier to threaten our lives and homes. France has come out, as we have come out, of a victorious war. We are both wounded, she more deeply than we ourselves, and she deserves, and should win, our loyal sympathy.

Moreover, France suffers, as England has suffered, from a weak Government. All the Governments in Europe have lost their footing. Wherever you turn your eyes you see a confusion of policies and ideas. "Full powers, dictatorship," says M. Bainville, "these are words which no longer frighten us, or things which seem natural to us, so long as the names of the Republic or the democracy are pasted upon every wall." Nor should we underrate the danger of these words—full powers, dictatorship—when they are shouted by the impudent leaders of the people which wants to do as it likes. Moreover France has her troubles, which have nothing to do with the politics of the moment. She has been invaded and devastated; we have not. As M. Bainville says, "The harm that Germany has done the French with intention remains, and they are as if they had been conquered." France has not sat down under her disasters. With her own economies she has removed many of her ruins; she has built up again many of her towns and villages. And the last words of M. Bainville's book, which I cordially commend to all, are words of hope. "Exposed to tribulations, often menaced in her very existence, she is not subject to the periods of weakness and eclipse of which other nations give us the example. Her social structure is solid and well balanced. The middle classes, her great strength, always recover themselves in a short time. After all her convulsions, sometimes more violent than elsewhere, she is not slow in being born again to the order and authority for which she has an instinct and a natural taste. . . If one had not this confidence it would not be worth while to have children." Thus writes M. Bainville, and with his words in our ears we may share his hope for the recovery of France, and not without selfishness, since the decay of France would be for us and for all Europe the decay of wit and art, and of those other things which make life most worth living.

The "Dole" System a Century Ago

By Commander Lord Teignmouth, R.N.

Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this.
There is no new thing under the sun.—ECCLESIASTES.

THE riots at Merthyr Tydvil and in the Forest of Dean, followed by the burning of Nottingham Castle, and the "Reform Riots" at Bristol, in the year 1831, viewed in conjunction with the outbreak of lawlessness and acts of incendiarism in the south-eastern counties of England, were unmistakable symptoms of the widespread discontent with the existing state of things prevalent throughout the country.

The *political* discontent, responsible for the trouble in the towns, was somewhat allayed by the passing of the Reform Act of 1832. Throughout the rural districts, however, especially in what were officially described as "the disturbed districts of Sussex," where law was openly defied and terror-stricken landlords whispered the word "revolution," the seeds of discontent were much more deeply rooted.

An esteemed historian, describing this epoch, writes :—

The times were truly alarming . . . there were wrong-headed men everywhere ranting about the unequal distribution of wealth; pretended teachers of political economy proclaiming the tyranny of capital, and showing how easily a change might be made by which the labourers, without any intervention, might till the fields and work the looms; while others proposed that at the death of any member of the community his family should have no exclusive claim; but that his property should be divided equally amongst all adults.

Strange, is it not, that all these absurdities should be served up again, in a sort of "resurrection pie," for the consumption of modern idiots, and that presumably sane people should be ready to swallow the stuff?

Of the rural districts, where much real suffering and misery prevailed, the same author writes :—

The labourers had been often told that they had a claim to a much higher rate of allowance from the poor's rates than they were getting; and they believed, as they had been long encouraged by magistrates to believe, that the parishes were bound to find work, and pay wherever there was no profitable work to be done. And although in England we had not the "National Workshop," we had the parish gravel-pit, which lowered the wages of all agricultural labour, by confounding the distinction between industry and idleness, betwixt dexterity and clumsiness.

The "parish gravel-pit"—where the unemployed were sent to dig at "starvation wages," when work at remunerative rates could not be found elsewhere—had become a national institution; and the results were everywhere disastrous. Mark what our author says on the subject:—

All the moral qualifications that made one labourer more valuable than another were utterly broken down. And when the weekly pittance for unprofitable labour was doled out by the overseer of the poor—when the farmer equalised the rate of wages by reducing his ploughman and carter almost to the level of gravel-diggers, and sent the wives of these men to the overseers to make up by parish allowance the just payment of which they had been defrauded—the peasantry took to burning ricks and breaking machines.

The excessive ignorance of the agricultural labourers made them apt listeners to the devilish promptings of some village Cade in the favourite and only rendezvous, the beer-shop. And, with their undoubted grievances—their neglect by the rich, and the hateful isolation of their class from their employers—was it any wonder that paupers and poachers, aye, and the smugglers who abounded in the southern counties, became rick burners and machine breakers? They knew nothing of the Reform Bill, and cared nothing. They thought only of the misery and suffering of their own unhappy lot, and took their own way of proclaiming their wretchedness and ignorance, to the terror of those who were responsible for allowing them to grow up in ignorance.

Thoughtful men throughout the country were convinced that the system which had originated in 1601 (43rd of Elizabeth), which threw on the owners of property the duties of providing the means of subsistence, and of superintending the conduct, of the poor had failed in its object, and was out of harmony with the changed conditions of the country. The opinion was gradually gaining ground everywhere that it is the natural tendency of public relief, however purely and wisely administered, to become a sub-

stitute—and a very bad substitute—for private charity on the part of the rich, and industry and forethought on the part of the poor. According to the evidence available, indeed, "pure and wise administration of relief" was then the exception, not the rule, and public relief was more often used as an excuse for reducing the wages of labour, or for shifting the burden from the employer, or, in some cases, simply to gratify the love of power or of popularity, with the result of producing, or aggravating, the misery which it was intended to relieve. Meanwhile, the enormous pressure of the poor rates, which supplied the means of relief, was driving the land—even of whole parishes—out of cultivation.

There had been no lack of warning. Thus, in the House of Commons Report on the Poor Law, of 1817, the following conclusions were drawn:—

> Unless some efficacious check be interposed, the amount of the assessment (for poor rate) will continue, as it has done, to increase, until, at a period more or less remote, according to the progress the evil has already made in different places, it shall have absorbed the profits of the property on which the rate may have been assessed, producing thereby the neglect and ruin of the land, and the waste or removal of other property, to the utter subversion of that happy order of society so long upheld in these kingdoms.

Nevertheless, and in spite of this warning, the Commissioners appointed sixteen years later (1833) to enquire into the administration of the Poor Laws called attention to the alarming progress of the evil, which, to quote their own words—

> may be traced in the diminished cultivation and value of the land; the diminution of industry, forethought, and natural affection amongst the labourers; the conversion of wages from a matter of contract into a matter of right; and of charity itself into a source of discord, and even of hostility; in the accelerated increase of every form of profligacy; in fires, riots, and organised and almost treasonable robbery and devastation.

So much by way of introduction. Let us now learn something of the working of the allowance—or "dole"—system of our ancestors. And first it may be well to state precisely who were entitled to receive the dole. These may be divided into two classes—first, the aged and impotent; second, the able-bodied. With regard to the first, the clause of the 43rd of Elizabeth was sometimes enforced, namely, that which directs the "grandfather and father, grandmother and mother, and children of every

poor, old, blind, lame, and impotent person, or other poor person not able to work, to be assessed to the support of every such poor person."

Second, the able-bodied. The practice varied in different parishes. Thus, while in some few it was refused altogether, in others it was confined to the married; in others, again, to those who had one or more children. In some parishes it was given in kind, in others in money. In the latter case there were five different methods, as follow:—

1. By the parish giving to those who professed to be without employment a daily or weekly sum, without requiring any work from the applicant. In some cases able-bodied young men were given 2s. 6d. a week on condition of giving no further trouble.

2. By the parish employing and paying the applicants.

3. By the parish paying the occupiers of property to employ the applicants at a rate of wages fixed by the parish according to the wants of the applicants, the employer being repaid all that he gave beyond a certain sum. This was called the "roundsman," or billet, or ticket system, and was worked thus:—The pauper received a ticket from the overseer directing him to apply to a certain farmer, and to work for him one day at a certain sum, generally about 1s., or 1s. 3d. if married, or 1s. 6d. if he had a wife and one child, and so on. The value of the man's services was charged by the parish to the farmer at a sum as low as 2d. per day; and all that the farmer had paid beyond that estimated value was repaid to him out of the rates.

4. By an agreement among the ratepayers, that each of them shall employ and pay out of his own money a certain number of labourers, according to his rental, or the number of horses he kept for tillage, or according to some other fixed scale. This was the labour-rate system.

5. By the parish allowing to the labourers employed by farmers relief in aid of their wages. This was sometimes given to meet occasional wants, such as a coat, or to pay their rent. In some parishes an allowance of flour or bread was given for each member of a family. In some cases, if a man's earnings could be ascertained, the

deficiency was paid by the parish. The earnings of wife and children were seldom taken into account, but a certain sum, or the price of a certain quantity of flour or bread, was given to the father of each child above a certain specified number. There were places where a man with a wife could have the choice of receiving 6s. a week from the parish for doing nothing, or 7s. 6d. for mere nominal work, or 9s. from a farmer for hard work during the week in the regular working hours.

No records appear to have existed as to the date on which these different systems of granting relief originated, or of the causes which brought them into existence. Nor was any information forthcoming, in parishes where there was a redundancy of labour, to what extent this was attributable to the stimulus applied to population by the relief of the able-bodied.

The persons by whom relief was awarded and distributed were :—(1) The overseers, (2) the vestry or their officers, (3) the magistrates. The overseers were elected annually, and compelled to serve in rotation. Owing to the nature of their other vocations they were unable to give the time essential for the proper performance of their duties. Forced to serve, unpaid, devoid of experience, and without zeal or intelligence, maladministration was the inevitable result; while the fear of offending friends, customers, or those to whom they were in debt, or of incurring unpopularity, precluded the possibility of faithful service.

As regards the magistrates, great difference existed everywhere in the extent to which they interfered with the management of the poor. Thus, while in some cases they acted as if the property of the ratepayers was an unlimited fund, to be drawn upon by the magistrates as the stewards of the paupers; in others they seemed to regard the overseers, or the vestry, as the proper distributors of parish relief.

The persons at whose expense parochial relief was given were those rated to the poor in the parish or township from which the pauper was entitled to claim relief. In many places, where rents were paid by the parish, a class of persons arose who speculated in cottages and in letting them to the poor. And since it was found that the

poor were willing to pay high rents for small portions of land, speculation took that direction also, and people would buy a field or two, to be divided into slips and let to labourers. Moreover, the practice of exempting small houses from rates was very favourable to both these classes of speculators.

The tax on domestic servants had the effect of diminishing the number of farm labourers residing with their employers, for a farmer who permitted those residing under his roof to perform menial offices rendered himself liable for the tax.

In one parish, situated in the "disturbed districts of Sussex," and containing 1,979 individuals, there were no fewer than 308 able-bodied men doing parish work. There being no means of employing labour profitably, all applicants for labour or relief were, during the winters of 1831-3, put upon the roads, although these were reported to be so good that there was a saying, "If a man finds a stone upon a road in many parts of Sussex he must find a hole to put it in." The wages of men thus employed were as follows:—

A single man, allowed to work four days a week, 1s. a day.

A married man, working the whole week, 8s.

With one child, 9s.

With two children, 10s.

After a month the wages were reduced as follows:—

A man and wife, 1s. 2d. a day.

With one child, 1s. 4d. a day.

With two children, 1s. 6d. a day.

The loss of independent feeling, of industrious habits, and of respect for their superiors and attachment to them, which necessarily follows the vicious and demoralising practice of setting large numbers of men to work together at unprofitable labour, with inadequate wages, to which this parish has been forced, have been amongst the melancholy consequences to the labouring classes.

Thus wrote a contemporary, holding an appointment under Government.

Reporting on the condition of certain parishes in Buckinghamshire, an inspector declared that "relief appeared to be given to all who asked for it, though whether the want was the result of imprudent marriage, or idleness, or even of extravagance—with the deliberate

intention of coming upon the parish—was a matter of indifference. Under this system no one can raise himself by good conduct, and no one can sink by the opposite course." The result was just what might be expected; and in his summing up the inspector declared that "the veracity, frugality, industry, and domestic virtues of the lower classes must be very nearly extinct."

In these parishes the practice of giving relief to the able-bodied, in the shape of bread-money, without work, prevailed everywhere. As an example of the evil produced, the parish of Marlow may be instanced. Here the business of making skewers had been carried on for a great many years. The skewers were made of what was known as "prick-wood," which grew in the hedges, and people ransacked the country for it, for which purpose they kept donkeys. Hence the saying, in neighbouring villages, on seeing a man with a donkey, "There goes a Marlow man!"

The business was called "skewerting," and both employers and employed concealed with the utmost care what they paid and earned, so that the allowance received by the latter from the parish might not be decreased in consequence of the earnings of the labourers, their wives and families, as "skewerters." Inquiries of one of the chief employers elicited the reply that he did not dare tell or they would not work for him. "Perhaps they earn 20s. or 40s. a week?" was asked as a feeler. "Perhaps they do," was the reply. "Perhaps 50s.?" "I can't say." In the opinion of a competent judge a family comprising five or six children could earn as much as 40s. a week at "skewerting." The street in which these people chiefly resided was remarkable for extravagant living, as also for patronage of the public-houses.

This systematic concealment of earnings was practised solely for the purpose of defrauding the ratepayers, and naturally had the worst possible effect upon the character of the workers—"resembling that of the poacher or the smuggler," declared a competent judge. The same demoralising effects were said to be noticeable amongst the women of the parish employed on "satin-stitch," whose earnings were equally impossible to ascertain.

It was truly remarked—with reference to the de-

moralising effects of the allowance system—that "those who have grown up under the influence of the Poor Laws appear not to feel the slightest scruple in asking to be paid for the performance of those domestic duties which the most brutal savages are, in general, willing to render gratuitously to their own kindred."

Apropos, the entries in the "minute-books" of certain Vestries may be cited in proof of the above. Thus:—A's wife applied to be allowed something for looking after her mother who is confined to her bed, and receives 3s. 6d. a week from the parish. B's wife applied to be allowed something for looking after her father and mother, now ill, and receiving 6s. weekly from the parish. C applied for something for her sister looking after her father, now ill. D applied for something for waiting on her mother. The worst case of all was that of a woman who had two bastards by different men, and was living with a third. "Some time ago she was with child by him," reported an overseer; "the man offered to marry her if I would give him two pounds, buy the ring, and pay the expense of the ceremony. Before the bargain was completed the woman had a miscarriage, thereupon the man refused to marry her. She is now with child again. She has an aged mother who is quite helpless. I told her if she married she had better take her mother to live with her, offering her 3s. 6d. a week; she declared she would not have her mother for that money."

Such is the kind of filial piety that flourished under the Poor Laws a hundred years ago.

From a parish in the same county the overseer complained that the able-bodied labourers thought they had a right to support in all cases, and to take or refuse what work they pleased without forfeiting that right; and he added, "This opinion is considered quite reasonable by men far above them in station." In an adjoining parish it was complained that the young men dressed very smart on Sundays, and would come to the overseer for relief on Monday; and, further, that although they could earn good money at harvest time, they spent it all on fine clothes and then came to the overseer for relief, and if he refused, they ran off to the magistrates, who always sided with them since the riots (1830-1).

The evidence of the rector of a parish in a southern county, touching the disastrous effects of the "dole" system, will form a fitting conclusion to this picture of "merry England" a century ago:—

I am informed by the oldest of my parishioners, that sixty years ago there was but one parishioner in receipt of parish relief. Within the last year the parish burdens have been much increased by the land going out of cultivation, and the whole population being thrown on the rates.

My income of £140 a year renders my means of relieving the poor small. Yet, last year, they assembled in a body at my door, whilst I was in bed, and applied to me for advice and food. My duty was to keep them from starving; I accordingly commenced supporting them by daily allowances of bread, potatoes, and soup. I made many journeys of from ten to fourteen miles each to the magistrates at petty and special sessions—journeys which I must have performed on foot, but for the loan of a friend's horse. After a delay of three weeks, I obtained a "rate in aid," for £50, on an adjoining parish.

Apropos of the "rate in aid," the rector observes:—

This mode of supporting the poor of an insolvent parish is a great grievance to the one rated; as the parish selected for that purpose is generally that in which, through good management of the poor, the rates are so reduced as to attract the notice of neighbouring parishes . . . I feel that we are exciting unpleasant feelings against us in other parishes.

Reverting to the state of his own parish, the rector reported:—

The land is almost wholly abandoned—16 acres only, including gardens, being under cultivation; the poor thrown upon the rates, and set to work upon the roads and gravel-pits, and paid for this unprofitable labour at *the expense of another parish*. The £50 will be expended in less than two weeks; and I have applied to the magistrates for another "rate in aid." The results of this precarious mode of maintenance is most lamentable, and most injurious to the morals and comforts of the poor; reducing their weekly allowance to the lowest possible pittance, and throwing them, whilst under excitement from real suffering, in a body, on the useless labour (or rather, idleness) on the roads, with no one but myself to superintend them . . . The able-bodied poor, and the boys are deteriorating physically and morally by reason of the want of useful and productive employment; without any chance of bettering themselves by any exertion or good conduct.

And a Commissioner appointed to inquire into the working of the Poor Law concluded his report with the following ominous warning:—

The most important, and certainly the most painful facts disclosed, are clear evidence that the maladministration appears to have spread over almost every part of the country; and that actual intimidation, directed against those who are supposed to be unfavourable to profuse relief, is one of the most fertile sources of maladministration, and proof that the evil is, on the whole, steadily and rapidly progressive.

Thirty

By Kathleen Leitch MacCuaig

To achieve the age of thirty is the goal of my present ambition. One of my reasons is entirely frivolous, but I have also several good ones. Mr. Bernard Shaw says somewhere that only after this age does a woman become interesting to a man, as an individual. This, let me be quick to add, is not my frivolous reason. It has been held so long, by authorities so august, by writers so eloquent, by poets so moving, that the function of Woman is merely to arouse in Man that "internal tickling," which is Schopenhauer's description of love, that the prospect of at last attaining to a higher sphere of influence is extremely alluring. Indeed, the very thought of occasioning cerebral activity in these superior beings thrills me through and through with an expectancy far richer than the callow hope of being one day adored, worshipped, enthroned, queen-like, in one heart at least. But what is it to touch a heart when we may touch brains and set them nimbly capering? What is it to be heaven and earth—lover, sister, mother, friend, divinity—to one, when we may, by our conversation, titillate the intellects of the choice spirits of our age? Who would not at once exchange youth and love, with their turmoils, languors, quarrels and despairs, for a prospect so interesting, so full of peace?

Still bearing Mr. Shaw in mind, I do not blush for the frivolity of my second reason. Blessed frivolity! From what sins of pompousness and grave absurdity you rescue us! Entering, tricksy spirit, into the brains of the mighty, you have in our time made even economics and politics amusing: so long as humanity possesses you she will die a gallant death, if die she must.

So I will not blush to confess that at the age of thirty I intend to permit myself the use of artificial aids to beauty, so piquant alike to observer and observed. By that time their use will no doubt have become a debt of love to my

neighbour, as it can no longer be held in question but that even beauty fades. Have not the poets told us so in a thousand melancholy rhymes? And, if we distrust poets, mirrors have a language more blunt and more convincing.

True, frank realism is the keynote of our age, but how futile, when examined, is our cry for naturalness. It is not "natural," says M. Bergson, for man to walk in the erect position, and the fashion imposes upon him a constant nervous strain. Neither, we may add, is it natural for him to wear clothes, to sit on chairs, to dine at a table, to go to school, to read, to work in a factory, nor, indeed, to do any of the multifarious things imposed upon him by civilisation. Some of these things we may call "second nature," but where are we to draw the line? Is it more natural to dine at one o'clock or at seven? To bath once a week or twice a day? To wash the face with soap and water, to anoint it with oil or with vanishing cream, or to mitigate its blemishes with a layer of powder?

Let us confess that civilisation in its very essence is not "natural," but something superimposed upon nature by the ingenuity of man for his own ease and well-being. Civilisation is of necessity artificial, and every advance carries us farther and farther from nature. We ought therefore to make a merit of necessity and decide to be gracefully and decorously artificial. In our pursuit of freedom in manners we have achieved only crudity, and lost the style, the elegance, the grave charm of conscious art. It is very well to be frank, but what if the personality so directly expressed be crude and immature? What if the face, unadorned, be lined and tired, the bloom faded? Our manners become more and more casual, but the powder-puff continues to abound; and in this there is hope. We must sometimes consider amenity, and a little fragrant dressing upon our manners as well as on our features adds to the pleasure of living. These things are components of personal style, and all style is artificial, something beyond nature. To be neat and trim at every point, to give constant pleasure and never to repel, this is surely a high social ideal, worth all the hours of sacrifice before the mirror!

Not only shall I powder my face when I am thirty, but I shall also "have the vote"—two votes, indeed. I shall

attain to my political birthright, and, so long as candidates of the right colour present themselves, I shall exercise my right with pride. At thirty one might even mount the public platform in advocacy of one's political opinions. Before that age the mind is still callow, and it is not well to make public confession of one's early mental processes. They are best worked off in private, and allowed to sink into oblivion without flowers or obsequies. The strongly retracted bowstring shoots the arrow farthest, and precocity is no guarantee of future achievement.

The personal aspect of becoming thirty offers a prospect even more rosy, of leaving behind storm and stress and settling down philosophically into possession of oneself, as one really is. After living with myself and taking an active interest in the growth of my personality for thirty years, I can have few illusions, and there can be little left for me to discover about myself. Granted that we never do quite see ourselves as we really are, that there is a pane of glass *couleur de rose* interposed between the self observing and the self observed, still, the discipline of dragging oneself through the tasks of our middle-class educational system, of forming personal opinions on matters of religion, politics and social relations, of literature and art; of contracting marriage and bearing and rearing children, is sufficiently searching to bring the ordinary man or woman as near to rock-bottom truth and stark reality as he or she is ever likely to come. When all this has been achieved by the age of thirty, then blessed indeed will be the years that follow, for they are by far the best of life. The years of childhood are long and leisurely, apparently interminable. There is no past, the future is vague and distant, and the conceptions of childhood fantastic. Adolescence is a rapture, a trembling of the soul, swift and sudden in its coming, the rapture as swiftly fading. There follow storms and agonies, doubts, questionings of dumb heaven, yearnings for beauty, for love, for joy; aspirations, hopes, ambitions, despairs and cynicism. All this time we are still wrapped in the cocoon of our own imaginings, in a world of fantasy, the victims of our heredity, experiencing ancestral emotions which may be quite unrelated to the facts which call them into being and are nearly always disproportioned. At last we come to

deeds, and so to grips with reality. We emerge from the cocoon, put a rein upon our fancies, study our bodily constitution, and learn a good deal from that. We study, too, our companions and the world around us, and learn to take our due place in the cosmos, humbly, but with loyalty to what is best. The twenties pass swiftly, with work and love and marriage, and before we are aware the calm of thirty is in sight.

Thirty, mystic number, three times ten, a rounded perfection and the beginning of real living! One may now be considered mature, and though the calm of maturity may sometimes fail, storms are less frequent and less devastating. Thirty has balance, humour, sense, perhaps even geniality—though that really belongs to a later age—and it should have great activity. Young strength is enthusiastic and tireless, and the thirties are the first decade of achievement.

To leave behind the turmoil and ignorance and disproportion of youth, to have our material and emotional needs supplied, to know ourselves and to love "not more than reason" our fellows, to flow happily in definite channels of activity, to think seldom of our once so tenderly nurtured personalities and to live in action—all these come with thirty. Two years of the thirties may bring us more of truth than a dozen previous ones, and our usefulness is increased incalculably. As children we were merely picturesque cumberers of the earth; as youths, apprentices, more or less clumsy, to the art of living; but at thirty we are men and women, equipped for service, for enjoyment, for creation.

Death-rate Delusions*

By E. M. Nicholson

THE Ministry of Health is the last place one would search for disciples of Mr. Bernard Shaw, but it seems that he has, after all, some influential supporters there. At least, he could not wish for more practical help than he is given when he proclaims the absolute necessity for lengthening human life if we are to keep pace with our civilisation.

During the Middle Ages the turnover of human lives must have been unthinkable. We cannot believe all the figures of deaths which took place in the epidemics, and perhaps they were not meant to be taken too literally—the mediævals had none of our worship of exactitude in such matters.

But certainly the mortality was often almost incredible: in exceptionally bad times (as during the Black Death and some of the later plagues) the death-rate apparently rose to 300 per 1,000, and even over. But the Black Death did not stand out among all others (at any rate in the cities), as it seems to in the history books. The chronicles of almost every mediæval town tell tales very nearly as bad at not infrequent intervals: the Black Death was more terrible only in its universality.

Then the country was immeasurably healthier than the towns (while lately it has ceased to be so at all), and the immense losses in the crowded insanitary places were perpetually being made good from outside.

But the average life everywhere must have been very short, and the child mortality was certainly colossal, as anyone must have noticed who has taken an interest in the brasses and monuments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

* Since the writing of this article, the publication in August of the Ministry of Health's annual report has made available much additional information on this subject, which proves affairs to have reached an even worse pass than is here represented.

Generally the deceased is shown with what we would think an exceptionally large family—ten or twelve children, or often more—and it is not unusual to find some gruesome sign that half, or more than half, of his children predeceased him. There is a good example of this at Mayfield Church, in Sussex, where the dead children are represented by miniature skeletons.

Whether or not long lives were less frequent at that time, abnormally short ones were certainly much commoner. And no one thinks that these mediæval Englishmen were constitutionally any less healthy than ourselves. There is enough to account for the mortality in their contempt for sanitation, the lack of variety in their food, and their ignorance of hygiene and of medicine. Even the executioner added quite appreciably to the death-rate until very recently.

Probably ever since Elizabeth's time conditions have been gradually improving. In the sixteenth century there were considered to be more kites scavenging about London Bridge than anywhere else in the civilised world. Now it is very nearly a hundred and fifty years since the last pair deserted the Metropolis, not from any increase of persecution, but because their livelihood had disappeared.

We have only to go back fifty years in order to find a death-rate twice what it is at present, and all the time a constant decline has been taking place. By 1914 the figure (for England and Wales) had sunk to 14 per 1,000. There was, of course, a rise during the war period (reaching for 1918 as high as 17.6), but in the next year it began again where it had left off in 1914, the figure for 1919 being 13.7, for the next year 12.4 and for 1921, 12.1. In 1922 there was a very slight set-back to 12.8, but for 1923 the death-rate for the whole country was only 11.6 per 1,000.

It is perhaps a little ungracious to interrupt the chorus of mutual congratulations, but there are certain aspects of the question which do not seem to be recognised as such obvious facts should.

According to the Ministry, the death-rate last year was the lowest ever recorded (the nearest being the 1921 figure), and the infant mortality was also a record—69 per 1,000 births, compared with the previous 77 (1922). The birth-

rate (19.7) was the lowest, with the exception of the abnormal war years.

In every way, therefore, the rate of turnover has slowed down. Fewer children than ever are born, principally because there is no room for them—there are so few vacancies.

The reduction of the infant mortality rate necessarily keeps alive many who in the ordinary course would be eliminated as unfit at the outset. In a recent article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW it was pointed out how much our standard of national physique had fallen since the Peninsular Wars, and this was attributed principally to diet; but it would be strange if this continual artificial preservation of bad stock has had nothing to do with it.

I do not know who invented the death-rate as a standard of measuring health—probably it was a German. At all events, it is a thoroughly deceptive method, for though our flattering figures tell us that we are much healthier than our ancestors, we know that our physique is not to be compared with theirs. The utter powerlessness of the authorities to check the spread of the recent small-pox outbreak shows how we stand: if every case had proved fatal nothing more could have been done. With our lowered stamina, and the elaborately organised transport facilities for spreading a disease from one end of Europe to the other inside two days, we are an easy prey for any plague that the Chinese may send us. In the meantime, we may console ourselves that we catch measles less often than our forefathers.

From another point of view, also, the death-rate is an unsatisfactory gauge. It conveys nothing at all to the man in the street, while to give the average age at which deaths took place would at once make it interesting.

* * * * * *

The haphazard mixture of persons of all ages and the continual addition of children complicates the task of drawing any conclusions from the death-rate. But to show some results of the present-day tendency, a simple example may be taken of a town with 10,000 inhabitants. With a death-rate standing at 25, there would be 250 deaths each year, and it would be possible for every individual included in a given census to be dead at the

end of 40 years. (Of course, this would never happen in practice, because the infant mortality is always disproportionately high.) But in the same town, when the death-rate has fallen to 10 per 1,000 (and in many English towns now it is still lower), there are only 100 deaths in the year, and the whole of the individuals included in a given census could not possibly be dead till 100 years had elapsed if the same average rate were maintained, even supposing that all newcomers to the town, and all children subsequently born in it, refrained from dying till the first batch was finished.

It stands to reason, therefore, that, if this state of things lasts for eighty years, at least 2,000 inhabitants of that town (*i.e.*, one-fifth of the whole population, children included) will be eighty years of age or more, and if there is any excess of births the burden will accumulate as time goes on. That is clearly a proportion of non-workers which no competitive State can support, and in such a period of fierce international competition as the present apparently the unhealthiest State (on paper) must win.

In conjunction with this ambitious policy of immortality for all, at which they are so successfully aiming, the Ministry of Health and its accessaries have failed to do anything substantial towards improving the vigour of the aged, and it seems unlikely that much will be accomplished in this direction for some time to come.

The facts remain, in any case, that the centenarian lives half his life after the full enjoyment of it has died, and that, whatever improvements are effected, the much greater proportion of old people is hardly likely to make for vigour. The streets are increasingly filled with aged persons, who cannot be expected to work, and in most cases cannot even be happy.

Children grow yearly scarcer, and if much more of this progress is made it may become a rare thing to see many of them together, except at schools and other places where they are purposely collected.

We have seen how closely the birth-rate follows the death-rate downwards, and we have no reason to believe that if the Ministry of Health becomes more dangerously efficient (as it shows every sign of doing) the number of births will not follow the deaths as nearly as possible to

vanishing point. All the same, though the world changes rapidly now, and the present death-rate would probably sound incredible to an Early Victorian Registrar-General, it seems that unless the duration of the prime of life can be lengthened we must have very nearly reached the limit to which this pan-centenarian movement can be pushed.

The generation of the World War has saddled its descendants with a debt which will chafe them for a long time. That they might have supported, but to see all their grandparents and great-grandparents lingering on earth to watch them pay it may well prove the last straw.

I look at it as a layman and no admirer of eugenics, but it is one thing summarily to dispose of those whom the powerful consider unfit, and quite another artificially, and with elaborate care, to maintain a great number of incurables who would rather be dead, and, into the bargain, to banish children from England in favour of old people. These latter threaten eventually to exhaust the kingdom by sheer weight of numbers. Even in the first ten years after its establishment in 1909, the list of old-age pensioners increased by almost half as much again as its original length.

The enjoyment they get out of their carefully prolonged existence must necessarily be slight in an age so conscientious in preventing death, but so wholly indifferent to the troubles of the living.

England is now so overcrowded with people that, though the places are not numbered like seats in a theatre, they might almost as well be, so little spare accommodation exists. There never were meant to be so many old people filling them: they are just like people in a theatre sitting out two performances when long queues are waiting to get in.

It used to be a short life and a merry one; now the children and the laughter and the old songs are silenced one by one, and we live in the atmosphere of a people being slowly strangled by the Old Man of the Sea on whom it took pity.

The Nelson Touch

Are the Tactics of Trafalgar still Practicable?

By Sir Herbert Russell

WHAT would Nelson have done at Jutland? asks a reviewer of the recently published official version of the battle. Such an obvious question has inevitably occurred to a good many minds. On the whole, perhaps, it is a trifle more relevant than its sister question, "What would Napoleon have done on the Western Front?" What could Napoleon have done, in the face of static warfare, and with the element of surprise virtually eliminated? Fighting conditions in the Navy have not changed so radically as in the Army. But they have changed sufficiently to render analogy more than merely speculative when it is based upon what took place 119 years ago.

Still, there is a useful and a legitimate form to this question, and this is to ask, "What did Nelson do at Trafalgar?" For a great many people who refer glibly to the "Nelson touch" or to "Trafalgar tactics" have but the vaguest idea of the real meaning of either.

What, then, were the tactics of Nelson, and how did they differ from the methods of his predecessors and contemporaries? The popular view is that his evolutionary schemes may all be summed up in his famous dictum that no captain can go far wrong if he places himself alongside an enemy ship. This view fails to realise that such a plan is really only an alternative to the prearranged development of a very distinct tactical project. Indeed, paradoxical as it may appear, Nelson's tactics were quite opposed to this independent ship-to-ship encounter. His favourite signal, "Engage the enemy more closely," was not a general incentive to disregard the order of battle, so long as it remained possible to maintain that order.

It is certainly true that if we go back far enough in

naval history we shall find the ship-to-ship idea the governing principle of the primitive tactical conceptions then in vogue. In fact, it was laid down as "presumption" in any but an admiral's ship to attack the enemy admiral, and similarly so with the junior flagships. This tradition lingered in our own line of battle until the French killed it by the simple process of refusing to conform. Experience forced them to accept the conclusion that the individual battle-worthiness of their ships was lower than our own. They adhered to the rigid line, in single line ahead, as the best formation, but the difference between their tactics and those of the British was that they always manœuvred defensively, and with the idea of foiling the British plan. That plan usually developed on stereotyped lines. It aimed at ensuring the windward position, or the weather gage, so as to have mastery of manœuvre. Then the British line would bear down upon the enemy line, when, in order to converge, it necessarily had to steer a diagonal course until well within range.

"Breaking the line" is fully described in the earliest naval signal book in existence, that of James, Duke of York, and the manœuvre is credited to Clerk, of Eldin. He shows how the French, by a simple tactical method, were generally able to avoid a ship-to-ship encounter and thus evade decisive action. He also illustrates how, whilst we invariably sought the weather gage, the French preferred to take up the leeward position. They had noted the slanting way in which our ships bore down upon them. This approach in line ahead, at a tangent with the enemy line, was termed "lasking," and one result of it was to expose the van of the approaching force to the whole broadside fire of the enemy. As motion through the water was usually very slow, the French found opportunity to assert their superiority of fire before the British fleet could draw into parallel alignment. They aimed high, to cripple our ships aloft, in which they were pretty successful. Then, whilst the British line was checked by having to avoid or assist disabled ships, the French would up-helm, and run away to leeward, there to re-form and await the opportunity to repeat these tactics.

Clerk, of Eldin, deplores the success of these tactics, which he points out depend upon the ability of the enemy

to bring the whole power of his fleet to bear upon a part only of ours. The genius of Nelson lay in exactly reversing this position. The keynote to his tactics was doing in the offence what the French had been heretofore doing in defence. His principle was to place two ships upon one, for a time, if the forces were equal, or nearly so, and in any case to throw a part of the enemy fleet out of action whilst the whole of his own fleet was disposing of the rest.

Lord Howe had gained a success in ship-to-ship tactics on the "Glorious First," but it was so incomplete a victory that Calder was condemned a few years later because his own action was only as decisive as Howe's. We find the most effective example of Nelson's tactics in the Battle of the Nile, where the French fleet was perforce compelled to accept action on his terms. His orders were to attack the enemy in the van and centre, and to carry this out with the least measure of loss the signal was made for the British ships to anchor by the stern. "Where a Frenchman can swing there is room for an Englishman to anchor." This manœuvre brought up the attacking ships without any sheering to their cables, and consequent exposure to raking fire.

The battle plan at Trafalgar aimed at attacking the centre and rear of the allied fleets with the whole weight of the British fleet. By this means the van, comprising about one-third of Villeneuve's force, was denied coming into action for an appreciable time. In point of fact, several of the leading ships denied themselves that honour entirely, holding on to the southward and making their escape, only to be defeated a few days later by Sir Richard Strachan.

This was the ideal Trafalgar. The real Trafalgar did not materialise quite on these lines owing to the lightness of the wind rendering tactical unity almost impossible. Nelson and Collingwood cut across and into the allied line, and necessarily checked its advance at these points. The rear of Villeneuve's line closed up upon the blocked ships, and, being fallen upon by the rear ships of the British columns as they forged ahead, the situation developed into two separate groups, consisting of the entire British fleet and the centre and rear divisions of the

allied fleet, the van of the latter being divided by a clear space of water which widened as the cutting-in of the British ships forced the enemy out of his original course.

In this position the preponderant tactics became immediately practicable, and from this moment the only question as to the result was just how decisive it could be made. Such vessels of the van as returned to support their hard-pressed comrades lost so much time in tacking and re-forming that the only purpose they served was to add to the number of prizes.

A great many years ago now—so many that my memory fails to count the number—the *United Service Magazine* published a diagram of the battle, said to have been drawn a few days after it was fought. It conveyed not only a clear exposition but a complete realisation of Nelson's tactics at Trafalgar. Collingwood in his despatches states that he cut into the enemy line astern of the twelfth ship from the rear, according to his orders. The *Victory's* log shows that Nelson cut into the enemy line astern of the tenth ship from the van. Curiously enough, despite this authoritative evidence, all the other diagrams I have ever seen make Collingwood cut in between the sixteenth and seventeenth ship from the rear, and Nelson cut in behind the fifteenth and sixteenth from the van. Such a manœuvre would have brought the heads of the British columns so close together that neither dared have fired, and would have left at most but three enemy ships between them. In these diagrams the essence of Nelson's tactics is simply not understood; the greatness and the simplicity of his scheme not perceived.

Nelson's tactics were not, indeed, always understood by his own officers. We have it on his authority that his own flag captain at the Nile attributed that victory wholly to subsidiary circumstances. He lacked the clearness of vision to appreciate that the decision came from the attack upon the van and centre only, and finds the explanation of the triumph in the fact—with which Nelson had nothing to do—that some of the British ships crossed the French ships and engaged them on the other side. Nelson's comment on his flag captain's judgment was cutting in its studied coldness, and his plain words to Lord Howe summed up his contempt for that officer's want of brains.

Like most things truly great, Nelson's tactics were profoundly simple. It may be true to say that victory would have been won had he taken his fleet into action with no other idea than laying alongside the enemy. But the long experience of sea war had made it pretty clear that such a victory would have been much less decisive: much more bloody. His temperamental qualities would not permit of his making an attack which was vague in its tactical purpose. Out of his obsession for completeness arose the conception that by throwing the whole of his force against a portion of the enemy force decisive results would be achieved.

The principle remains immutable: the practice of it is quite another matter. High mobility, twenty-mile fire-ranges, mines, submarines, destroyers, and aircraft have conferred upon naval warfare a complexity of problems which almost defy the solution of any one tactical precept. Nelson had made up his mind what he meant to do at Trafalgar, and he was able to do it. Jellicoe made up his mind what he meant to do at Jutland. He found himself unable to do it. For this, and for the alternative decisions into which he was forced, he has been much criticised. Amongst other things it has been averred that he was wholly wanting in the "Nelson touch." But is it not true to say that modern methods—and more particularly the unknown menace—have virtually rendered this term an anachronism?

Sedition and the Censor

By "Periscope"

The methods to be adopted by any Government in dealing with seditious literature are, and must always be, a matter on which opinions differ. Academic discussions on the subject are numerous, but practical illustration drawn from the history of Ireland in the last decade may prove more decisive as a teaching by example and a warning by results.

"And indeed we see it ever falleth out that the forbidden writing is always thought to be certain sparks of a truth that fly up in the faces of those that seek to choke it and tread it out, whereas a book authorised is thought to be but the language of the time." So wrote Francis Bacon. Or again, in his Essay on Seditions and Troubles: "Libels and licentious discourse against the State are amongst the sign of troubles. . . The despising of them many times checks them best, and the going about to stop them doth but make a wonder long-lived."

Three hundred and thirty years ago men were groping about in search of some means of reconciling Press censorship with freedom of speech. Fifty years after Bacon, Milton, the Republican, loosed his *Areopagitica*, which pleads for freedom from State licensing of books while allowing the State to burn, harry and destroy any publication once it had been read by the public and found to be subversive of order. One hundred years after Bacon wrote, licensing was abolished and censorship in Great Britain became a dead art. The suppression of newspapers in India and Ireland in the last decade is a modern exposition of the policy of the seventeenth century. But which course is better—censorship with excision of objectionable matter or publication followed by prosecution? The British Government in Ireland from the year 1912 never seemed to be able to choose, and generally preferred to adopt neither, save when the military authorities took matters

into their own hands. The Irish Press Censor, who disappeared finally in the autumn of 1919, realised how farcical was a half-enforced regulation and advocated freedom, but with the threat of prosecution if liberty were allowed to become licence.

Yet Ireland's newspapers were but the froth of the moving waters of disaffection. From the halcyon days of Jim Larkin (now somewhat eclipsed) the island was filled with an ephemeral mass of elusive literature, mostly weekly productions, which sought out every piece of gutter news likely to throw discredit on England and on those who served her. She was held up as a land of sensuality and vice, and contrasted with the high purity of the sons and daughters of Ireland. The writers never cared to discuss how the morality of Dublin compared with that of cities of the same size in England, or to point out the commonplace truths that a race living in the stress of modern manufacturing life is likely to have a considerable number of waifs thrown up on the shore, and that in the cities of Liverpool, Glasgow and the New World, Irish boys and girls are no less prone to become castaways than those of English blood. Seclusion in any case is not virtue. Every opportunity was taken to put English law and English diplomacy in a perverted light. The half-truth and the *suggestio falsi* became, and still remain, the commonplaces of the anti-British and anti-Ulster Press in Ireland.

These periodicals continued to be published without hindrance during the whole period when England and the Allies were fighting for European existence, and could be purchased from any small newsagents. Repressive action on the part of the authorities was confined to seizing occasional copies. They appeared tacitly to accept the maxim *Vox populi, vox dei*, and refused to oppose such divine wisdom. Pulpit utterances in the chapels lent support to this theory, for priests took as their texts there and in the Press the ideas which the revolutionaries had promulgated.

Unfortunately, during this same period there was a higher type of literature—the product of men and women of culture, originality and poetic fancy—which had the same tendency to belittle and decry all institutions and ideas which might be regarded as of English birth. They

gave a colour and radiance to the underflow of steadily spreading lava-stuff. Of these were writers like George Russell (A. E.), Miss Mitchell and Mrs. Green. "George Birmingham" and Mr. Stephen Gwynn, in some of their essays and utterances, until the attitude that the greater part of Ireland took up in the war disillusioned them, toyed with the idea that "the old was better." When the Gaelic revival at last gave birth to the monstrosity known as Sinn Fein, these literary folk found that they had come to the parting of the ways. Men like MacDonagh, the poet, or Count Plunkett, whose *métier* was that of fossil-breaker before he became law-breaker, were swept forward on the undercurrent of hate, but the others saw by German precept whither the doctrine of hate, even when clothed in an erudite or bard-like garb, can lead; they broke the spell and wrote and fought for England.

Thus was Ireland submerged in these years with the outpourings of the apostles of hate, the cultured products of the historian, the *littérateur* and the essayist, all tending to the same end and no check exercised, whether by direct Government intervention or by the more effective methods of sane and reasoned public opinion. The latter found vent only in one place, and that was the stage. In the year 1914, when the Irish Volunteers were beginning to regard themselves as the country's chief asset, the writer of a play such as *The Moonlighter*, although clearly anti-British in spirit, could allow himself such liberties with the forebears of the Republican "Army" as to write in grotesque humour:—"We do be drilled along that path and out the glen we march and up the long field where the old crab-tree is in the corner. 'Tis there we makes the wheel-about. Often we give ten rounds of that field itself, for the Captain is death on drilling, and he always alludin' to us as soldiers." Or again, after Synan the Moonlighter has given us a sample of the right stuff—"A fierce thing makes us go battling in the night; a fierce thing since the first of us rose up out of the ground that is scorched with the tears of blood of the generations and the churchyards full of the helpless innocent that were wronged and murdered by tyrants"—he follows it up with the bathos of the boast how "We'd be as bold as brass in ourselves breaking into sooty cabins

and the houses of the common farmers." It would seem that humour was only allowed when action and speech were banished to the unreality of the stage. Ireland was taking itself so seriously, its every-day literature was so much in earnest in its wild and whirling words that it was a relief to turn to this oasis where prejudice was occasionally forgotten and Irishmen not always held up to be models of virtuous living and high-souled thinking.

It was, however, in her versifiers and rhapsodists that Sinn Fein excelled herself. As Chief Secretary Birrell's literary tastes leaned to sentimental and half-cynical flirtations with Kathaleen Ny-Houlihan, his protests were confined to playful suggestions that she should limit herself to an occasional song in the style of the traditional lament which could do no one very much harm. Sir Hamar Greenwood, of course, never read poetry or verse of any kind, and the seditious song of the siren was like to be drowned in the note of his own trumpetings. Yet, though much of the verse written in this revolutionary period is poor and transient stuff, the glamour that the poetry of such writers as Mangan or Davis sixty or seventy years before threw upon the cause of Irish nationality made it a dangerous vehicle for propaganda. The bard had always been the exponent of reactionary ideas in this country. Edmund Spenser, in that wonderfully modern *View on the Present State of Ireland*, written over three hundred years ago (a thousand years in the history of Ireland are but as yesterday), with a poet's discernment saw the danger. "Whomsoever the bards find to be most licentious of life, most bold and lawless in his doings, most dangerous and desperate in all parts of disobedience and rebellious disposition, him they sett up and glorifye in theyr rimes, him they praise to the people and to young men make an example to follow." Their poems tended for the most part "to the hurt of the English," and one in particular which won great vogue had as its hero "a most notorious thief, which had lived all his lifetime on spoyles and robberys." This hero was exalted by them as "none of those idle milk-sops that was brought up by the fire-side: he was not slugging all night in a cabin under his mantell, but used commonly to keep others waking to

defend their lives, and did light his candell at the flames of theyr howses to lead him in the darkness."

The modernised counterparts of the Irish bards kept up the tradition bravely, and, like them, their poems "were sprinckled with some pretty flowers of theyr owne naturall devise." These flowers served often to trap the unwary who allowed themselves to be inveigled into regarding their scent and colour as the true index of what lay within. Elementary school teachers, who had some appreciation of literary style and a full-blooded love of revolutionary ideas, in some parts of the country took to teaching the children these rebel songs as part of the daily curriculum, and persecuting those who, in the courage of their tiny loyalty, had the hardihood to refuse to learn. The parallel to Socialist schools is obvious.

It is hardly worth while at this date recalling some of the sentiments of these writers of song, but what astonishes is that they could be published with impunity. At haphazard one picks up the *Songs of the Island Queen*, written by a certain Thomson (he calls himself MacTomais), and published in the year 1919, though some had been in circulation before that date. The author regards as the *pièce de résistance* of this cheap booklet one on "Pearse to Ireland," which had been going the rounds since the year 1916, when Pearse was executed at Kilmainham in connection with the Easter rebellion. Pearse, as he tells us in his own writings, was one who had set up the gibbet as his highest hope in this world and the next, and this lyrist Thomson describes how Pearse and his comrades would prefer to perish

> **Than to stand as fawning minions**
> **Of the sneering conqueror's race,**
> **With the clanking chains of bondage**
> **Telling of our deep disgrace.**

In another poem we hear of "the death-knell of a sceptred tyranny," while in order that the transition from old to new may not be too abrupt, Vinegar Hill and the penal times lead us by an easy transition back to melancholy Deirdre and the mythical Milesians. While Thomson holds us entranced in this manner, the late Mrs. Shorter, in *The Tricolour*, produced in the United States in 1919, but which only the blessings of the "Treaty" allowed to

be published in Ireland in 1922, gives us sterner stuff. There is no mincing of words here. There is nothing but sheer undiluted hate of England, and—let it be remembered—most of the poems were in circulation in Ireland when England was fighting for her life in the Great War.

> You were a braggart and a pharisee,
> Held many slaves, yet prated "Liberty."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> What knew you, Hodge, of such a one as this
> Whose lips were lewd and had a ploughman's kiss?

The poems aim at inculcating the same Anglomania in the minds of children. She writes for them songs in which John Bull appears as the bully, and Germany, under the guise of Gretchen, emerges as the champion of liberty. True to her ideals she blackguards those Irishmen who fought for England:—

> And many are caught in the net of the stranger,
> And all but forgotten the sound of your name;
> For other loves call them to help and to save them:
> *They fell to dishonour—we hold them in shame.*

The last line is probably the most perverted memorial that any hand ever penned for the grave of those who had fallen nobly on the field of battle.

However, Irish poets were not alone in countenancing, not to say encouraging, sedition. It is strange how short is the memory of English people where their enemies are concerned. The Englishman is the most sentimental creature in Christendom, far more so than the Irishman, who merely uses sentiment as a cloak for propaganda, self-pity, or self-deception. So it is only natural that English poets should allow themselves to burst into threnodies on the subject of Irish "heroes." In September, 1917, the English poet, Sir William Watson, had written an appeal to Ireland, *The Unreconciled*, calling on her to grasp at

> A cause that is worth thy passion, a sword that deserves thy hand!
> O take them and make them thine. 'Tis the world's transcendent hour.

By the early months of 1921 he has forgotten that Ireland had turned a deaf ear to this invocation of four years before, and he is pouring out his soul in *The Daily News*, *The Times*, and *The Daily Mail* on behalf of the unhappy victims of English tyranny in Ireland, though even those journals apparently felt it necessary to decline some of his

more rapturous effusions, which perforce had to await the truce before publication. Ireland is to him "the Bound One," "the Captive Maiden," "the Land of Hope Deferred." In the light of subsequent events the volume of verse makes most entertaining reading. Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood, ultimately two of the signatories of the Treaty, are castigated as the oppressors of the weak. The former is accused of building in Ireland "a suburb of the great metropolis of evil and woe whose name on earth is Hell." The latter the poet, in his righteous indignation, dubs the "great propagandist of the rebel creed!" He spoke more truly than he knew. Kevin Barry, hanged for shooting a British soldier who was fetching bread from a bakery, has a sonnet to himself, but in spite of careful search through these pages it is not possible to find a lament for the twelve British officers murdered in their beds on a Sunday morning.

The foregoing will indicate the kind of seditious literature that passed for the most part unchecked in Ireland, and one asks oneself what is written here for our learning? As Bacon suggests, leave it alone and allow it to burn itself out? This appears to be the attitude adopted by the present Free State Government towards Republican literature. Or with Milton, prosecute after the event? Neither of these courses can be effective so long as the doctrine which is preached can be carried out with impunity. To defend the law-abiding, to strike not at the tools but at the hand that guides them, to get back to the primitive idea that rewards are for the virtuous and stripes for the backs of fools and knaves, to hold the scales of justice even and not to allow them to be weighted by opportunism, to make it clear that violence does not pay; principles such as these can go far to counter the power of insidious propaganda, whether disseminated by Irish Republicans, Bolsheviks, Communists, or other latter-day saints.

Cairo Thirty Years Ago

Reminiscences of a Diplomat's Wife

By Lady Rodd

My diplomatic reminiscences date from 1894, when I married and went out to Egypt with my husband, who had six months previously been appointed First Secretary in Cairo under Lord Cromer. It being considered inadvisable that I should pass the summer in Egypt, it was decided that our wedding should take place in the autumn, and that in the meantime I should stay in France and endeavour to improve my knowledge of languages and pick up a little information on international manners and customs—in other words, shed some of my insularities before appearing on the cosmopolitan stage. The social and sporting existence I had hitherto enjoyed was no preparation for a diplomat's wife. Not that I had not followed the annual programme and slipped abroad for a month or two every winter in search of the sun, but the study of the characters and minds of the men and women in whose country we travelled had been entirely neglected. To the people I associated with they were just "foreigners," or, were they a southern race, *dagoes*—a most offensive appellation, as I was soon to learn, and one calculated to make the English who used it thoroughly disliked, in Egypt especially. Desirous of making as few mistakes as possible in the future, I decided to enter a Spanish family living in a delightful old French château at Bornel, one hour from Paris, where the Marchesa di San Carlos, with her five daughters, received me as a paying guest. A more gifted family would be difficult to find, and I soon discovered that there was nothing they could not teach me. I went at it tooth and nail, determined to make the most of this opportunity of improving my mind. I ground away at French, German, and Arabic, taking up the last with the hope that it might facilitate any housekeeping in Egypt, and it certainly did so.

Before leaving for his post Rennell put me in the charge of his old chief, Lord Dufferin, then our Ambassador to France, and the only distraction I allowed myself during this strenuous period was to spend Sunday afternoons at the British Embassy after my Arabic lesson in Paris. On the departure of my mother, who had accompanied me to the Continent, Lord Dufferin took me under his wing and introduced me to his family, and many were the occasions on which I enjoyed their kind hospitality and listened to the words of wisdom from the lips of one of the most brilliant diplomats England has ever had. No one could be with Lord Dufferin for any time without feeling that in small as well as great things he was ever on the watch to create the right atmosphere, and a sort of paternal graciousness in him towards young people made him admired and loved by those of my generation. His mind was as romantic as his appearance, and with a sympathetic listener he would discourse for hours on his home, his adored mother, and the beauty and personal history of the past and present Sheridans. Of his own life and experiences I was never tired of hearing, nor of his opinion and criticism of my future husband, about whom he remarked one day, when I told him that the latter had a recurrence of Zanzibar fever in Egypt, "Dear young lady, those whom the gods love do not always die early. I am an example, and your Rennell will be another, so don't be anxious." He sympathised with me cordially over the difficulties of the French language, in which he was really never very proficient, having come to it too late in life; and I believe he considered the French genders an insuperable obstacle to a proper understanding between our two peoples! He confided to me that he kept a little book of genders in his pocket, and when he had five minutes to spare expended them in memorising a dozen or so. Later, amongst my wedding presents, I found a little book similar to his own, with a friendly inscription from my old friend recommending me to follow his example.

I left France and my Spanish family, to whom I was very much attached, in September, and prepared for our wedding in October. After a delightful honeymoon in Italy we landed in Egypt at the end of that year. My husband had been lucky enough to find a charming house

with a small garden for our first home, and I had the pleasure of furnishing and decorating it, a pleasure which never palls on me. While passing through Italy we had picked up all we required in the way of furniture at prices which nowadays would make people envious. Amongst our household treasures was an Italian cook, who only deserted us nine years later for a better world, which he certainly merited, if the building of a chapel in his native church at Bari, in the Abruzzi, counted for anything. He left what for a cook was a very considerable fortune, and it puzzled me to understand how it had been built up. But his kitchen account-books, falling into my hands after his death, let me into the secret, for opposite the list of the goods bought daily in the market, with their prices, was another—of the percentages he allowed himself on each article, scrupulously and honestly recorded! If I remember rightly, 10 per cent. was the standard observed. Though I may have grudged some cooks their profit, I certainly did not grudge Sabatini's. He was an artist in his line, and as long as he was permitted to cook for us I never had to worry about the food.

We were soon inundated by visitors, friends and relations, all preferring to see the East from the inside rather than as tourists at an hotel. They were much amused by our black servant, Mohamed, a most efficient person, and one of the best-dressed men in Cairo. He spent everything he could get on his personal adornment, and when his own pocket was empty he resorted to other means, more or less honest, to embellish his wardrobe. My maid had been much puzzled by the mysterious disappearance of the best napkins until, happening to look out of the window one day, she saw Mohamed preening himself in the sun, when it struck her, in the strong light, that the design on his white waistcoat was that of the lost napkins. And so it was, but there was nothing to be done about it. We could only admire his ingenuity in the choice of dress materials. But he was as assiduous in the decoration of our dinner table as he was in that of his own person. It was always adequate. In season and out of season we were supplied with the rare and beautiful. Our neighbours had gardens and hot-houses; Mohamed had friends, and we had flowers galore.

As soon as possible after my arrival I made the acquaintance of the Agency Staff and the principal officials and their wives. Lord and Lady Cromer, or, as they were always called, "The Lord" and "The Lady," were the magnets to whom the hearts and minds of men were drawn. From the first minute of our acquaintance we met on the same plane; as time went on quick friendship deepened into lasting affection, and my admiration grew as I watched them at their work. Lady Cromer in her way was as great a personality as Lord Cromer was in his. Entirely selfless, she kept in touch with everyone, and was always on the spot when her sympathy or advice was enlisted. By her tact and courtesy she was able to repair the rifts which frequently rent the web of this complicated international society. Her likes and dislikes never betrayed themselves, nor do I ever remember seeing her look bored or wearied at the functions and parties she was obliged to give or attend. Gardening was her passion, and it was through her efforts and example that the first horticultural shows in Cairo were established. Many of the Egyptian Pashas, who did not know a rose from a cabbage, caught the infection. Prince Hussein, afterwards first Sultan in Egypt, was an ardent horticulturist, his garden being famous for its roses, and he became her ally and first President of the Horticultural Society. Lady Cromer was quite content to play second fiddle, and many people failed to realise till after her death what a big *rôle* she had filled.

Cairo society was amusing in those days, in spite of the fact that it had just passed the picturesque stage when the secretaries rode to the Agency on donkeys, and Shepheard's Hotel was the only resort for residents and strangers alike. Winter visitors from all parts of the world came to see, study, and criticise the British occupation of Egypt and wonder wherein lay the secret of the success which undoubtedly it was. One of our first visitors in our new house was Lord Curzon, then George Curzon and unmarried, who stayed with us for a few days on his way from Persia. The experiences of that and several other Asiatic journeys are to be found in his *Problems of the Far East*. My husband most unfortunately took to his bed with influenza, and it was left to me to entertain

his old college friend, whom I only knew slightly. However, he was not difficult to amuse, and we spent several delightful mornings in the bazaars, where I helped him to bargain for treasures which I shrewdly suspected were destined for the beautiful lady to whom, a few months later, he became engaged. With a fascinating personality, and possessed of an infectious gaiety, no one could be more audaciously entertaining than our guest, though I doubt whether the victims of his brilliant sallies always appreciated the quickness of his *riposte*. His merciless sense of humour was as exasperating to some as it was diverting to others. Among other visitors that year were Harry Cust, Roddy Owen, the Murray Guthries, Willie Low, and Lord Northcliffe.

On looking back it seems to me that our seniors, in spite of their years and responsibilities, were very young in spirit. On the occasion of the Christmas parties at the Agency, when just the Staff and a few privileged outsiders were present, games and charades were played, and I have distinct recollections at one of them of a tussle between Lord Cromer and Lord Grenfell (then Commander-in-Chief in Egypt) for the same chair in the game of "bumps." When "the Lord" proved the winner, a shout of applause from the Agency Staff hailed the civilian victory. Tennis was Lord Cromer's favourite form of exercise, but I only played with him on rare occasions, as he had a profound contempt for mixed doubles. Alas, he never lived to see the great Lenglen at Wimbledon! The Sunday outing to the Zoological Gardens was an entertainment he never missed. The staff met him there and partook of tea and "squashed-fly" biscuits, the only delicacy provided in those days, and it became the occasion for recounting the local events and gossip of the town, which did not lose in the telling, especially on the part of Arthur Stanley and Harry Boyle, the Oriental Secretary. Anything anyone wanted was passed on to "the Lord's" ear through the friendly medium of one or other of the circle, and I imagine he must have found it a useful and harmless way of hearing everything that was being said or done in his kingdom.

One of the *corvées* I shared with Lady Cromer was the monthly visit to the Khedivia, the Khedive's mother,

at her palace. It was rather an alarming audience, and it fell to the lot of Lady Cromer as *doyenne* of the *corps diplomatique* to make conversation—very trying work, as none of the other ladies gave her any assistance. Subjects of conversation were scarce, and mainly meteorological in character. French was the language—Arabic or Turkish was rarely attempted. We were received at the doors of the harem by innumerable slaves dressed in coloured satins and velvets of antique shape of no particular epoch. They conducted us through long corridors to the State drawing-room, where the Khedivia, a very handsome Turkish princess, waved us to seats next her. Coffee was served, and we all waited breathlessly for the ball to be set rolling. It never rolled far, and Lady Cromer had to rack her brains for a new topic every two minutes. After a quarter of an hour of this uphill game we retired gracefully, and I often wondered which had been most bored, the visitors or the visited.

Shortly after my arrival in Egypt, the Khedive Abbas became engaged to one of his mother's slaves, who, we were told, had waited on him as valet in his mother's palace. We were all anxious to see her, as she was rumoured to be very beautiful, but an inspection was not permitted us till the wedding eve. It was believed that the Khedivia *mère* did not approve of the engagement. She would have preferred a Turkish princess, someone her equal in rank, but the Khedive consults no one in the choice of his wives, and the marriage was announced. We were delighted to receive an invitation to the pre-nuptial party. It was an interesting experience—repeated three times during my sojourn in Egypt, for the Khedive's two sisters were married in the following year at the ages of fourteen and fifteen. I attended all three ceremonies, and the procedure was the same in each case. At the young Khedivia's party she made her entrance, with the Khedivia *mère*, dressed in pale blue satin heavily embroidered, covered with jewels, and wearing a veil. There were present three or four hundred harem ladies all richly dressed, and without their usual veils. Some of them were good-looking—one or two beautiful—but all had poor figures, judging by European standards. The Oriental does not admire line, but only appreciates a woman whose

contours are ample—there should be enough on her bones to shake like a jelly when she moves. Such were the *houris* I saw enjoying the treat of seeing European women dressed in *décolleté*. I am afraid we did not appeal to them much, nor to the orchestra of so-called "blind men" (amongst whom was sitting, it was said, the Khedive himself), who were accommodated in a sort of wooden cage to which they were conducted by the Eunuchs presiding over the entertainment. The Khedive was anxious to see for himself what impression his chosen bride would make on the harem and the European ladies, so he chose the only way open to him to do so and became one of the "blind" fiddlers. The bride was led up to a daïs by the mother-in-law and enthroned in a gold chair. Around it we thronged ready to scramble for the gold coins which presently were scattered in showers at our feet. We managed to get some of the spoil, but I gave mine to Lady Cromer, whose dignity did not allow her to scramble with the rest of us. This ceremony over, we were invited to view the bride's suite of rooms, where the wedding presents from the bridegroom were displayed—they were gorgeous rather than beautiful. After refreshments at a very plentiful and well-served buffet in a tent, we returned home. At the next reception of the Khedivia *mère* the bride was there, but took no part in the conversation, as she knew no language other than Turkish. We, no doubt, formed the subject of conversation afterwards, as these receptions, tedious at the time, were the harem ladies' only links with the world outside, unless one may count the French novels that the better educated among them read in abundance.

I passed the summer in Egypt, and was none the worse for it. It was in the days before the Agency was provided with the sumptuous villa at Ramleh, to which recourse is now had in the summer months; consequently we were obliged to take a villa ourselves near Alexandria, as Cairo after June becomes unbearable for a woman. This added considerably to the cost of living, as it entailed two houses in Egypt and a third in England when we came home on leave. Life in the hot weather was not altogether disagreeable. I got plenty of riding and tennis, and late dinner on the terrace, with bridge or good talk afterwards, was always something to look forward to after a hard day's

work of fighting against mosquitoes and the inclination to take life too easily. To be idle was to feel the heat, so I volunteered to work in the Chancery, which during the summer months was always under-staffed. My assistance in copying letters and in deciphering was most welcome to the one secretary left to my husband, and the work helped me to forget the temperature.

Our house at Ramleh became a sort of club or refuge for the deserted husbands whose wives had fled to England for the summer, leaving them desolate and lonely. We also saw a great deal of the Navy that year, 1895. Prince Alexander of Battenberg was at Alexandria with his lieutenant, Mark Kerr, in command of the *Cambrian*. In return for our hospitality they helped us to pass the summer by organising picnics and weekly regattas, to which they also invited those of the Alexandrians into whose circles they had in true sailor fashion immediately penetrated. These circles consisted mostly of Greeks and Levantines, whose facility in talking languages was a perpetual amazement to me. Six or seven foreign tongues were to them quite ordinary endowments.

Unlike my compatriots, the Alexandrian ladies remained in Egypt for the summer, but under what different conditions from those endured by the wives of the poor English officials, whose incomes did not allow of any of the luxuries which make life bearable in a hot climate! For the rich Greek and Levantine families in their sumptuous houses, with plenty of servants and first-rate *chefs*, the damp, sweltering heat of an Egyptian summer could be borne with equanimity. For them the day only began about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour it became cool enough for the ladies to venture to wear their corsets, discarded during the rest of the day. Adorned in the latest of Paris millinery, they then emerged like gay plumaged birds to dazzle the gaze of their admirers, generally to be found sauntering along the fashionable road between Alexandria and Ramleh at that time. As a rule many of these passing apparitions were better seen at a distance, for Alexandrian ladies, like all southern women, overdo powdering their faces, and a very close inspection was necessary to detect whether wrinkled age or blooming youth lurked behind those masks of cream and paint.

In the spring of 1898 I went home with Lady Cromer, accompanied by my boy of three and his German nurse. The accident that befel Lady Cromer on this very rough voyage probably hastened her death, which occurred in the autumn of the same year after her return to Egypt. Always a bad sailor, she lost her balance in descending the companion-way, and, falling heavily to the bottom, cut her head open and damaged her arm. She was carried to her cabin and attended to by the ship's doctor, who put some stitches into the cut and bound up her arm. I shall never forget the misery of that passage, on a vessel loaded with onions, the odour of which, combined with the other usual "ship" smells, soon finished off most of the passengers. I was left to look after Francis, my small son, who was never happy unless climbing up the companion and hurling himself down again regardless of danger to life and limb, as well as poor Lady Cromer, whose condition rendered her as helpless as a baby. Her maid and my German nurse were useless through sea-sickness, and I was dependent on a good-natured steward, who consented now and again to mount guard over my restless son whilst I staggered through reeling corridors to visit the invalids. I was thankful to reach land, even though it were only the port of Brindisi, the most God-forsaken place to be stranded in for a week. The shore doctor pronounced Lady Cromer unfit to travel for that period, and naturally I would not think of leaving her at Brindisi alone. She never quite recovered from her fall, and though soon able to travel home she gradually declined in health. But the will was as strong as ever, and when the moment arrived for Lord Cromer to return to Egypt after his summer holidays, she insisted on accompanying him in spite of the doctor's warning that the fatigue of the journey would be too much for her. Their devotion to each other forbade a separation, which perhaps they both knew would have been final. The end came just after the fall of Khartoum, leaving "the Lord" at the pinnacle of his fame, but, alas, a broken-hearted man. His wife's death deprived him of a companionship unique of its kind and essential to a man in his position, to whom society outside his own house did not appeal. As a host he was delightful, but he missed the genial social atmosphere which Lady Cromer had created for him, and entertaining

was more of a duty than a pleasure at the Agency after the death of its charming hostess. Cairo has never forgotten her, and for me she remains the ideal of a diplomat's wife.

Amongst the important and outstanding personages in Cairo in 1894 Sir Herbert Kitchener, as he was then, stands out a rugged Rodin-like figure. For me he was an old acquaintance. Many years previously we had met at the house of a mutual friend, Pandeli Ralli, a neighbour of ours in Surrey. Captain Kitchener, with his wounded arm in a sling, made no particular impression on me, and I remember feeling distinctly amazed at our host's admiration for his taciturn, somewhat uncouth, guest. But he saw what I, a very young person, failed to see, that he possessed qualities which, developing later, were to make him the idol of the English people and the saviour of his country in 1914. Mr. Ralli never swerved from his faith and devotion to his hero, who enjoyed his generous hospitality as long as he lived, and, indeed, No. 17, Belgrave Square, became his permanent London address for many years. To Mr. Ralli also we owe the Herkomer portrait in the National Gallery. Our arrival in Cairo renewed my acquaintance with Kitchener, and my first official dinner took place at the Sirdarieh, which was more like a museum than a house, for its owner was a "curio maniac," though I fancy his acquisitiveness was sometimes greater than his discrimination. Never was a native house or building pulled down without some emissary from the Sirdar appearing to claim a share of the spoil for his master! As a host he did not shine. He had not the gift of entertaining, and the dinner in question was one of his less successful efforts. Possessing no small change in conversation, the Sirdar gave his two neighbours at the table an anxious time, samples of talk taking the place of a real interchange of ideas, and I am sure it was with a feeling of relief on all sides when the ordeal of eating in that barren atmosphere came to an end. There is little doubt that at that period of his career my sex counted very little with him, though later when he came to London as a "lion" he was forced to acquire more social habits and to endeavour to fill the place on the pedestal which Society insisted on his occupying.

The Food Supply of the Nation

By William Phené Neal

Alderman, City of London; late Chairman, Cattle Markets Committee, Corporation of the City of London

It is now more than thirty-one years ago since I was first elected a Member of the Corporation of London, and it happened that one of the first committees to which I was appointed was the Cattle Markets Committee.

During this period I have devoted much time to the study of the food supply of this country, and particularly to that of Greater London—in the first place so far as it affected the meat supply, and, subsequently, the bread supply. These are the two main articles of diet upon which the whole country depends.

Long before the outbreak of war in 1914 it was evident to anyone who had studied the subject that our vulnerable point was the question of the food supply. Lord Bledisloe has said that if it were not the initial cause of the war, it was, at all events, a conducive factor.

We know now what strenuous efforts had to be made to maintain the food supply for the population of the country even under a strict system of rationing. Perhaps the full extent of the dangers the country ran in relation to its food supply during the war will never be fully known, except to the members of the Government at the time and those who were strictly in their confidence.

It may be remembered that Mr. Lloyd George, at a great meeting at Caxton Hall, gave a distinct promise that never again would agriculture be allowed to decline as hitherto. Nevertheless all those interested in agriculture are aware that the industry has been passing through a period of depression greater than that of 1879.

I do not propose in this article to deal with the question of the food supply from the farmer's point of view, nor do I propose to refer in any way to party politics. The problem itself is far too serious. It affects every individual in the kingdom, and yet the great bulk of our people take it as

a matter of course that the food they require shall certainly be at hand at the time they require it.

What is the actual position?

Taking first the meat supply, we find from the Government reports that this country produces some 52 per cent. of the total amount of meat required for the sustenance of the people, so that 48 per cent. is obtained by importation.

The imports of beef and mutton into the United Kingdom in 1923 and the proportion handled at the City of London Corporation Markets at Smithfield are as follows :—

	Total Imports. (tons.)	Marketed at Smithfield. (tons.)	Percentage.
Beef and veal ...	661,419	219,783	33·2
Mutton and lamb	293,781	115,065	39·2
	955,200	334,848	35·1

Of the total imports—955,200 tons—of beef, mutton, lamb and veal, into the United Kingdom during 1923, 35.1 per cent. passed through Smithfield Markets for distribution—a decrease of 4.8 per cent. compared with 1922.

In the five years ending 1913 the proportion of imports distributed through these markets averaged 41.5 per cent., and had this ratio been reached in 1923 such supplies dealt with in these markets would have been 61,560 tons greater.

Supplies of beef from Canada and the United States of America aggregated 5,765 tons as against 10,352 tons in 1922.

South American supplies included 187,489 tons of beef and 24,064 tons of mutton. Over 71 per cent. of the total quantity of beef marketed at Smithfield came from South America.

How dependent the people of London (say 8,000,000 consumers) are upon the Corporation Markets for their meat supplies is shown by the quantity of meat distributed through them, a quantity sufficient to provide each week a mixed ration of beef, mutton and pork of 37.9 oz. per head, viz.: beef, 22.7 oz.; mutton, 11.6 oz.; and pork, 3.6 oz. The extent of the dependence of both the public and meat traders upon overseas sources of supply, colonial and foreign, is seen when it is realised that of the 37.9 oz. mentioned above the quantity of British-bred meats marketed was just sufficient to provide 6.6 oz. per head per week,

viz.: beef, 3.8 oz.; mutton, 1.6 oz.; and pork, 1.2 oz. But in the event of a restriction of supply the rise in price would prevent thousands of people from participation.

The supplies of fresh-killed meats to Smithfield bred and produced in the United Kingdom in 1923 as compared with 1913 show decreases of 4,834 tons of beef and 10,486 tons of mutton, and an increase of 4,719 tons of pork.

The returns just published show increases of 70,000 cattle and over a million sheep, but even now the number of sheep in the country is less than sixty years ago by at least 15 millions. Pigs increased by 615,000 during the year.

The total number of cattle in the United Kingdom on the 10 years Government average tables, 1913-1923, shows a decrease of 105,327, and of sheep a decrease of 2,092,990; while pigs during the same period increased by 473,211. This demonstrates the fact that the total head of food animals in the country is not even now keeping pace with the continual increase of the population, which I believe is about 400,000 per annum, and thus clearly emphasises the seriousness of the position to which I have referred.

It is well known by those connected with the trade that the great bulk of the home-bred and home-killed meat is consumed away from London and Greater London. This is proved by the fact that last year there passed through the Central Markets at Smithfield 470,401 tons of supplies. Of this, some 16 per cent. was home-killed beef, and 14 per cent. home-killed mutton; the remainder was imported. If, therefore, any incident occurred which either restricted the supply of imported meat, or cut off the supply altogether, it must be perfectly evident to those who study the question that the masses of the population in Greater London would be without supplies, because the comparatively small amount of home-killed meat would be bought up by those who could afford to pay the price. Now from the statement of facts above mentioned it can easily be seen that the supply may at any time be restricted at the option of the meat trusts which now control the importation of foreign and colonial meat. By the restriction of the import the prices automatically rise against the consumers, who under the existing conditions of British agriculture are utterly powerless to control them.

A process has been going on for some time past whereby the interests of some of these trusts are believed to have been "pooled" or amalgamated, and I believe it is a fact that the total head of cattle in South America to-day is considerably less than some few years ago. This means an eventual restriction of supply, a reduction to the importing trusts of overhead charges, an increase in cost to the consumer, and consequently an increase of profit to those who control the industry. It would therefore seem that it is one of the first duties of any Government in power to take up the question from the point of view of what steps are necessary to protect the millions of our people from the increased cost of supply which seems inevitable.

It was for this reason that I became interested in the question of the removal of the embargo on Canadian cattle, and I believe that, if a genuine attempt were made whereby our Government and the Canadian Government worked together, the result would be most satisfactory from the consumers' point of view.

The vested interests of the pedigree breeders in this country have succeeded for the time being in restricting the importation of Canadian cattle to steers.

If the hope of a larger home supply is ever to be realised, then Canadian heifers must be permitted to enter the country just as they did up to the year 1892, when the embargo was first imposed. No valid reason has yet been adduced by the Ministry of Agriculture for the exclusion, and so long as they are excluded the Ministry must be held responsible for assisting in maintaining "dear meat for the people."

It is not unlikely that a movement in the near future will be made to press this necessity upon the Government, so that all restrictions (other than those relating to the health of the animals) will be removed.

It hardly seems necessary to say that from a commercial point of view it could only pay Canada to send the best of her produce, both heifers and steers, to this country unless she were prepared to face a substantial loss.

Turning to the other main question—the bread supply—it is, I think, well known to-day that the total amount of wheat grown in this country last year was less than one-fifth of the total amount required for the sustenance of the

people, and this year it is estimated to be less; hence it is that at least four-fifths of the breadstuffs consumed by the British nation are imported from abroad. This means that the total amount of wheat produced in this country would support the population for about eight weeks; or, in other words, if the total population had an equal allocation of British wheat when made into bread, out of every five loaves consumed by each individual member of the population, less than one loaf would represent British wheat. But, here again it is also known that the farmers sell their wheat to the merchants and millers in the local corn markets held in the various provincial towns. The local millers purchase such British wheat as they require in their own businesses and then mix it with Canadian hard wheat (Manitoba or Northern), grind into flour, and distribute that flour locally. This, therefore, greatly restricts the supply of home-grown wheat available for Greater London. So far, therefore, as Greater London is concerned, it is probable that its inhabitants receive less than one loaf, representing British wheat, out of every ten they consume.

Some idea of the extent to which the population of the United Kingdom is becoming more and more dependent on foreign and colonial imports of wheat, barley and oats may be gathered from the Government statistics for 1923.

Land in the United Kingdom under cultivation for

Wheat	decreased by	270,281	acres, or	14.4	per cent.
Barley	„	126,517	„	8.7	„
Oats	„	248,863	„	11.2	„

Even the area of land under cultivation for potatoes during the same period decreased by 94,524 acres, equal to 8.1 per cent.

The returns for the year ending June 4th, 1924, just published, show that although the decline in wheat cultivation in 1923 was 270,281 acres, there is a further decline this year of 194,000 acres. Thus in these two years the area under wheat cultivation has fallen by 464,281 acres, and if this land is taken as producing only four quarters of wheat per acre there is a net loss of 1,857,124 quarters per annum.

The vital question, therefore, to be considered is what

policy the Government of the day, irrespective of its political complexion, ought to take in order to provide against a shortage of meats and breadstuffs, and thus to protect the people from possible famine, and practically certain increase of price to the consumers.

It is common knowledge that since the Armistice science has greatly increased the facilities for destruction.

Sir Percy Scott laid it down that a dirigible torpedo may be so directed by wireless telegraphy that it will almost certainly reach the object to which it is directed, and that the force of explosion on contact is such that not even the greatest battle-ships afloat could withstand the impetus of the attack.

We have some knowledge of the power of the submarines and also of the increased efficiency of aircraft and seaplanes. It is therefore by no means impossible that in the event of a great war again being waged these engines of destruction, which will be greatly increased in number and effectiveness, would be directed to the annihilation of our food ships. If the enemy were successful, there is surely no doubt but that the nation would be defeated by famine.

The question naturally arises, How could this be prevented? and the only answer that can be given is that the nation as a whole should become its own insurers; that is, that every possible means should be adopted to enable the land of the country to produce the greatest output of wheat possible year by year. If this were done there is no question that the output would be enormously increased.

Sir Charles Fielding in his book *Food* shows how, in his opinion, it would be possible for this country to produce the food necessary for its consumption both in bread and meat. Personally I think he has taken a rather sanguine view; but if the Government of the day would direct its attention to producing, say, three-quarters of the food we require, both bread and meat, the nation as a whole would be saved from the actual possibility of famine. I know of no alternative course that could safely be followed. It is therefore clear that the Government should take steps to enable wheat to be produced in this country, and sold at a price slightly above the actual cost of production. If this were done, the agricultural labourer would receive a

more reasonable wage and the farmer would be enabled to support himself, his wife and family, and to obtain some slight return for his capital and skill. No other industry could reasonably object to a policy designed for the preservation of the total population of the country.

If, therefore, from the national point of view of self-preservation, the Government were to move in that direction, results would accrue to the nation which, at the moment, are hardly understood. The de-population of the countryside would be partially, if not wholly, arrested, thus preventing the constant migration to the towns. The farming industry, which is still the largest in the country, would require increased labour and enormous supplies of machinery and articles in daily use upon the farm, necessitating the employment of increased labour in the factories and engineering shops. Eventually we might perhaps look forward to the time when the problem of unemployment could be so reduced as to be almost, if not entirely, negligible.

The agricultural industry calls upon a very large number of the industries of the country to supply its necessities. The farmer is unable for lack of money to place the necessary orders, and until he is put in that position the wheel of industry, from the point of view of the nation as a whole, cannot make a complete revolution.

I have tried to show that the life of the nation will finally depend upon its agriculture, and consequently the question of Free Trade and Protection does not apply in the same way as it may be said to apply to any other industry in the country.

It remains for the people as a whole to realise that if they want to prevent the hardships that would inevitably result in the event of a new war, and to avoid becoming more and more dependent on the meat trusts and importers of foreign wheat, their one hope of salvation is to give that support to agriculture, without which it is impossible to provide the requisite insurance, viz., a permanent increase in the production of home-grown food.

"Chanson Triste"

By A. W. Wells

I HAVE sometimes thought that if I put it all down on paper, precisely and exactly as it occurred, my mind might become easier. Certainly nothing has given me relief up to now. One, two, three, seven years ago it must be since it happened, and at a spot four or five thousand miles away, to which I am never likely to return; and yet there still come days, nights, sometimes even weeks, when the whole thing will break out in my brain again as though everything took place only yesterday. Curious—the odd, queerly inconsequent sort of causes to which I trace these outbreaks. Always, for instance, I seem to find myself worst when the grapes are in season (especially the small "black" variety), or when the plovers are crying on bright moonlight nights; while there is one place which I have learned to shun as I might shun a plague. If I can possibly avoid it, nothing will ever induce me to climb the hill that stretches along the Surrey suburb in which I live, and look across the twenty miles wide valley to where the next range of hills looms across the horizon.

But perhaps the most weird result of all is that I can never stay in a room for long where Tschaikovsky is being played—particularly his "Chanson Triste." I like Tschaikovsky; yet when the orchestra played "Chanson Triste" to-night I simply had to come out. I couldn't stand it any longer. Joan, I could see, was as nearly furious with me as she has ever been since our marriage. She's forgiven me now, for I have told her all about it, shown her the photograph and kept not a single detail back from her . . . but I could see quite plainly that she did not understand. And I want somebody to understand. Most of all, of course, I want Dimitri to understand. I'd give ten, twenty, years of my life, I believe, if I could only make Dimitri understand.

No, Dimitri was not a woman: a soldier, just a common

Bulgar soldier, but with this one supreme and startling difference—that of the men who died in the Great War Dimitri died the worst death of all. And although it was no weapon of mine—either held, directed, or commanded by me—that killed him, I am afraid I was responsible for that death. Of one thing, at least, I am certain: Dimitri thinks I was responsible. The whole tragedy lies in that.

It would be the most foolish, in some ways the most tragic, mistake in the world to suppose that this is just an ordinary war story that I have to relate. I wish it were. If I could only trace one experience similar to mine (as, indeed, I have spent hours and hours browsing over bookstalls trying to find it) I should feel comforted; but nowhere have I been able to discover the vaguest hint of a resemblance. It all happened not far from a town called Dorrain, which is situated at the far end of the valley where the river Struma runs between Bulgaria and Macedonia; but I would rather you immediately forgot those names, and pictured to yourself only the town and the valley—the town a poor, war-battered heap of buildings, and the valley a twenty miles' stretch of country, lying between ranges of hills so high and formidable that the military experts had long since given them up as impregnable. And I would have you imagine that while in the town war is being carried on in the best modern manner—two opposing swarms of rats gradually nibbling into one another's territory—all the warfare that exists in the valley is conducted by small groups of men who creep down from their respective hills in the night-time, wander vaguely about the valley until dawn comes, and then creep wearedly back again. All night long the shriek of the shrapnel and the glare of the Verey lights may be hovering over the town; but in the twenty miles wide valley the darkness may pass without the sound or the flash of a single rifle shot. And the valley is so strewn with ravines and little clumps of trees, and men are so very scarce there, that a group of men from one range of hills may pass a group of men from the other, barely a hundred yards away, and never be aware of it.

So I think you may very fairly visualise the scene in which the experience I have to relate to you occurred; and

yet I find myself altogether at a loss to convey the feeling of a man suddenly withdrawn from his little rat-hole in the town, and sent roaming about the valley wherever the fancy moved him—the groping, childlike fright of it all, those first few nights, and then, as time wore on, the sweet, civilian scent of liberty that suddenly seemed to breathe over everything. I wish I could convey to you, for instance, only a fraction of the divine joy there was to be had in those secret little pilgrimages to the pomegranate orchard, near the five tall poplar trees; the breathless, perspiring excitement that was to be felt in stealing into those ruined, deserted little villages—deserted, that is, except perhaps by the fellows from the opposite hills. But most of all, I wish I could convey to you something of the sudden sense of awe that fell on me one night, when, entirely alone, and trying to locate a certain fig-tree, I came across a small straw-thatched hut, tucked away in a little ravine I never remembered having seen before.

Softly I crept up to the doorway, waited for a moment to make sure that no sound came from within, and then entered. Marking first that there were no cracks through which the moonlight was piercing, I struck a match and looked anxiously round the room. A small, rickety-looking table, and an equally rickety-looking chair drawn up to it—that was all. Then I noticed that on the table was a small piece of candle, and, lying only a foot away from this, a thin, black-bound book—a copy of Rupert Brooke with the leaves turned down at the page:

> **. . . And I shall find some girl, perhaps,**
> **A better girl than you,**
> **With eyes as wise, but kindlier,**
> **And lips as soft, but true.**
> **And I daresay she will do.**

Oh, God, this was rich! Who, in the name of all that was wonderful, was the lovesick buffoon in the battalion who stole away into this lonely little straw-thatched hut at nights so that he might the more reflectively read Rupert Brooke? Then I turned to the fly-leaf and read the name:

NICOLAS DIMITRI.

Several moments, I think, must have elapsed before I realised the tremendous significance of my discovery—that

the book in my hand belonged to a man from the opposite hills, who, even as I stood there, might enter to claim it. Quivering with excitement I thrust the book hurriedly into my pocket, blew out the light, and went outside.

Do not ask me to explain why it was that the next time I visited the straw-thatched hut in the ravine I should leave on the rickety little table the only book of poetry I ever carried during the war—a small, leather-bound edition of Omar Khayyam. All that I know is that it seemed to me the only and the natural thing to do; and I can still recall very vividly the excitement I felt when, a night or two later, I crept away from my patrol to see if the exchange had been accepted. Yes, the table was quite empty—quite empty except for the same innocent stump of candle. And then I suddenly noticed a certain peculiarity about that candle. Instead of standing erect, as I first saw it, it was now lying on its side, and trailing away from the wick was a long line of grease spots, stretching not only across the table, but half way across the floor to where lay a large, flat boulder. In a flash the thought came to me that I was intended to lift that boulder; and two minutes later, hands quivering with excitement and heart throbbing against my ribs, I was eagerly deciphering, as a raw youth might read his first love letter, the curiously stilted, Latin-looking hand of a man who told me that, although born a Bulgar, and now fighting as a Bulgar, he had spent the greater part of his life in America, where he had learned to understand and appreciate English art and literature beyond all other.

That letter still lies before me—one of the dozen, tattered, carefully hoarded pages I have just revealed to Joan; but little purpose could be served, I am afraid, by quoting it in full. He makes great fun, I see, because, above all poets, I should choose as my grand consoler in the war an old Persian who died eight hundred years ago. "I think you must be very, very English," he writes. "I do not wonder that the *Rubaiyat* so appeals to you. You English like to think yourselves stolid, unshakable and imperturbable; but how much of this, I sometimes wonder, is due to some curious kink of Oriental fatalism about you?" And then there is the letter in which he reflects on the mutually futile, bloody butchery that went on all round us

in those sublime spring evenings of that mournful year of 1917. Bitter, searing things he writes, as only a man can write who has recently returned from ghastly, naked realities. But I will not trouble you with these. Poor Dimitri! To quote them now would be to mock him.

I leave it entirely to the psychologists to explain the strange compelling attraction, the almost romantic glamour, that somehow pervaded this friendship of ours, right from the very beginning. Times there must have been, of course, when both of us must have reflected that what we were doing was utterly wrong and deceitful: that we were committing a crime for which, had they discovered it, the countries whose uniforms we wore would immediately have had us shot, and buried like so much loathsome carrion; and yet, speaking for myself, I can only say that always uppermost in my mind was a feeling of stupendous glamour about our association—heightened a hundredfold, I suppose, because only two people in the world knew of it. And the very fact that it was illicit, I think, only grew in time to be a still further attraction. I began to understand, I am afraid, something of the irresistible lure that men have felt in illicit dealing and illicit love, ever since the world began. I am persuaded to think, indeed, that there were many ways in which this association between Dimitri and myself resembled very much an illicit love affair. All that I seemed to live for, at that time, were the weekly letters, hidden under the large, flat boulder in the little straw-thatched hut; and at all sorts of odd moments during the day I would find myself staring across that twenty miles wide valley picturing, somewhere on those opposite hills, the writer of them—wondering what he was doing and whether he ever similarly wondered about me.

And then, as time went on, it seemed that letters would no longer suffice; we began to make gifts to one another. I started by directing attention to a small box of cigarettes and a packet of chocolate that might be found hidden in the hollow of a certain fig-tree a dozen yards further down the ravine; he responded by leaving me a bunch of grapes, of a small black variety I have never known surpassed for sweetness. Then the gifts no longer sufficed: Dimitri began to talk of photographs—"civilian preferred," as he

expressed it. For a long time I hesitated about that. Either of us, I pointed out, might at any time be killed, and to be found with enemy photographs in our possession might lead to an infamy which certainly neither of us deserved. But in the end I yielded; and even now, as I write, there stares mutely, half-defiantly up at me from the midst of the tattered letters the picture of a tall, rather lanky sort of youth, with that peculiarly elusive kind of face we are inclined to call "temperamental," and with a mass of jet black hair brushed abruptly back from his forehead.

Only one thing remained for us now, of course, and that was to meet; but both of us, I think, shrank from mentioning this. For here, it seemed, we reached the one great forbidden sin: the pitch, once touched, that must inevitably defile. The wonder was, I often thought, that we did not meet by accident, and one night, I remember, we nearly did meet by accident. For some reason or other Dimitri seems to have been unusually indiscreet. When within twenty yards of the hut I could see the tiniest glimmer of light piercing through the door, which had evidently been closed with insufficient care. Then the light suddenly went out, and a minute later I heard footsteps moving towards the opposite end of the ravine, and a soft musical whistle mournfully mingling with the melancholy croaking of the frogs. The tune was Tschaikovsky's "Chanson Triste." For fully a quarter of an hour I must have remained there and listened, a cold sweat breaking over me lest, on his return journey, he should run into my patrol, whose duty (as, indeed, it was mine) would be either to take him prisoner or to kill him. But nothing happened.

Quietly I stole into the hut and sought for my usual letter under the large flat boulder. It amounted to nothing more than a note: "Shall be going from here end of this week," he had scribbled; "hope we shall meet sometime." What those words may convey to you—set out, as you will see them, in cold, matter-of-fact print—I do not know. I only know that as I stood there in that dull, flickering candle-light, and with the guns of the town ringing greedily, unappeasingly in my ears, there only seemed one course open to me.

"We must meet now, Dimitri," I wrote. "Wednesday, midnight. Come, I shall be here. I shall not fail."

Sometimes I find myself believing that hidden away somewhere in this stricken, blighted world lies some grim, smirking God of War whose awful charge it is to keep inviolate the relentless, age-long tenets of his creed. The fact remains that I never did meet Dimitri—not, at least, in the manner I had suggested. A thousand times my mind must have rehearsed, and endured again, the crowded incident of that tragic Wednesday—the wild, poignant fluctuation of it all: the glorious elation at our imagined meeting, the unspeakably abysmal depths of its realisation. And a thousand times still, I am afraid, my mind must rehearse and endure it again.

Almost with the fastidiousness of a woman preparing to meet her lover you see me that Wednesday afternoon pottering about my little dug-out, and paying what little attention I could to my personal appearance, my heart throbbing the while its mad, unrestrainable song of secret exultation. Emperors, Prime Ministers, Commanders, not even the "Bloody Beast of War" itself, I sing to myself, can keep Dimitri and me—apostles of the new world that is to arise from all this crimson chaos—from meeting. Then, almost more quickly than I can write it down, the blow fell. Ryan suddenly came blundering into my dug-out.

"Heard?" he said.

"Heard what?" I demanded.

"Stunt on," he answered. "Patrol's going out to-night with a definite job on. Going out to see if we can get hold of a 'Johnny,' or nobble him. Don't know whether you've ever seen it, old man, but in one of the ravines down there there's a little straw-thatched hut. Somehow had my suspicions about that hut for a long time; thought I saw a light there once, but wasn't quite sure. But other night not only saw light but saw a 'Johnny' too—passed within ten yards of me, other side of some trees, whistling away as cool as a cucumber. So surprised, didn't know what the 'ell to do. Frightened to say anything about it at first; and then I thought I'd miss out that bit about being only ten yards away and tell the O.C. that I'd observed a whole outpost of 'em concentrating on this hut. 'What

time was this?' says the Old Man, as keen as mustard. 'Somewhere about midnight, sir,' I said. 'Right-o,' says the Old Man, 'we'll give 'em outpost to-night.'"

The glass by which I had been shaving threw back at me the ashen, livid impotence of my face. What happened in the next minute or two I cannot exactly say, but as soon as ever I decently could, I think, I forced my way out of the dugout, and stumbled half-blindly to where I could gaze, as I had gazed a hundred times before, across that twenty miles wide valley, over which Nicolas Dimitri, unless I could stop him, must shortly march to his death—and die thinking that I, the man whom he had hailed as an affinity of a nobler, cleaner world, had lured him to that death. Unless I could stop him! But how could I stop him? Even if it were possible for me to get to him I had not the slightest idea where to go. For that had always been an unwritten law of honour between us: we knew of no destination other than the little straw-thatched hut. All that I knew was that he was somewhere over there, somewhere spread over twenty miles, and unless I could stop him to-night he would be killed—thinking himself as surely killed by me as though mine were the hand that pierced a dagger through his heart.

I will not harass you with all the frenzied detail of that night. Only one agony seemed to be spared to me—and that was that, instead of being sent with the party actually attacking the hut, I was detailed to assist in cutting off any escape at the far end of the ravine. Of my reflections as we trailed down the hill into the valley that night I am afraid I can tell you very little. I do not think I had any. Why, I don't know; but somehow I seem to have decided quite definitely that Dimitri would be killed, so that my mind became blank and numbed, as a man's mind becomes numbed on the funeral journey of a very dear relative. I do not seem to have been aware of anything until, after we had been waiting at the end of the ravine for about half-an-hour, a dozen rifle shots rang out. Then immediately the stupor left me and I raced up the ravine.

"Too late, old man," Ryan met me and laughed into my face. "Only one of 'em, but would persist in fighting. Fought like 'ell. Got it clean in the stomach—two places,

poor beggar! Peg out any minute. Got a fag on you?"

Less than a dozen yards away, lying in the centre of the ravine, along which, less than five minutes ago, he had raced like a hunted beast, I could see him dying—not dying as the war artists so sinfully and successfully paint men dying, but in all the vulgar agony of a badly butchered animal.

He had just been feebly gulping at a bottle of water held to his lips by a stretcher-bearer when the moonlight fell on my face, and I could see that he knew me. A minute later and he was dead—but in that minute there came over his face such a look as I do not remember having seen on any human face before. The stretcher-bearer, I could see, accepted it as simply the dying spasm of a particularly painful death. But I knew differently. Physical pain was the least thing I saw there. I knew that Nicolas Dimitri died the most hopeless, the most despairing death that it is possible for any man to die—died thinking himself not only sacrificed to a world in madness, but taunted, in his last dying glimpse, by the irrefutable betrayal and degradation of all those finer, nobler impulses he had worshipped as a world's redemption. Not pain, not hatred, not longing was written on that face, but just a look of infinite, unutterable despair. . . .

And to-night, rising hazily above the violins, as they throbbed out "Chanson Triste," gradually taking form and consolidating, until I could see every line and twinge of it, I saw that face again.

Dr. Johnson and the Highlands

By Catherine M. Maclean

It would seem at first sight more politic, in addition to being more courteous, to extend the scope of this essay so as to embrace Dr. Johnson's attitude towards Scotland and the Scotch. But there is a real reason against doing so. There can be little pleasure for the Scot in dwelling on Johnson's attitude. The bearishness and boorishness of the attitude of the sage towards Scotland in general, and the rudeness of the manner in which he gave expression to his antipathy, are too well known to need recapitulation, and they are not made tolerable either by wit or by good sense. But when we come to his attitude to the Highlands we find a sharp distinction, a distinction which was not unnoted in his own day. Thus Boswell writes in 1775: "I find that the Highlanders and Hebrideans in general are much fonder of your *Journey*, than the low country or *hither* Scots."

Johnson set out on his memorable tour in the autumn of the year 1773, a year which preceded considerably the opening up of the roads of the Highlands beyond Inverness. We cannot but wonder at the feat of courage and endurance accomplished by a man of his age and infirmities in pursuing his way to the West Coast, and in travelling through the Western Islands on horseback. In a journey that included so wide a number of places as Fort Augustus, Skye, Raasay, Col, Mull, Inchkenneth, and Iona, it is not his grumbling that is astonishing, but the fact that he persevered in the attempt to reach places so remote and inaccessible, in spite of discomforts that might well give occasion for grumbling to a younger and less unwieldy traveller. He tells his story in the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* with considerable charm, and with some flashes of self-revelation (interesting as showing the childlike quality that lingered among so much that was formidable in his personality), as when he confesses to being glad that there are not many to see what his bulk looks like mounted on a small Highland

pony, or to the pleasure it would give him not to think himself forgotten by the fortunate Highland maiden to whom he made the present of a book.

Of the Highlanders he has much good to say, noting especially the hospitality shown him even by the poorest, and their courtesy. He is especially kind to Inverness, and to the elegance of its English. Highland breeding he compliments in speaking of the girl who brought him tea in the inn at Anoch. "We knew that the girls of the Highlands are all gentlewomen, and treated her with great respect, which she received as customary and due, and was neither elated by it, nor confused, but repaid my civilities without embarrassment." He notes the steady consumption of whisky in this land of strong drinks and strong men. Whisky the travellers might always have, even when there was "no meat, no milk, no bread, no eggs, no wine." Their use of strong waters, and the judiciousness, and even temperance, which accompanied that use, he notes in one breath. "A man of the Hebrides," he says, "as soon as he appears in the morning, swallows a glass of whisky." But he continues, "Yet they are not a drunken race, at least I never was present at much intemperance." He discusses the mode of living among his island hosts, and, with stately epicureanism, singles out for honourable mention the Highland breakfast: "Not long after the dram may be expected the breakfast, a meal in which the Scots, whether of the lowlands or mountains, must be confessed to excel us. The tea and coffee are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conserves, and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wish, in quest of sensual gratifications, wherever he had supped he would breakfast in Scotland."

In mental nourishment he fared no less well. He is careful to note that his hosts were not cut off from letters: "I never was in any house of the islands where I did not find books in more languages than one. Literature is not neglected by the higher rank of Hebrideans." To Highland song he paid an earlier tribute than Wordsworth. While he did not understand the words, he expressed himself as "delighted with the sound."

These superficial observations on Highland characteristics and on the Highland mode of living form the

brighter part of the *Journey*. For the rest, it is clear that the sagacious Englishman perceived that all was not well with the country he was visiting, and kept turning over in his mind its problem. The lawlessness and the continual appeal to force that had existed before 1745 he condemns unreservedly. The security of 1774 he appreciates thoroughly. Yet he has some qualms as to the price that has been paid for the security of the present, a suspicion that it has been bought at the cost of the sacrifice of the future of the country. He is by no means sure that the attempt to break the national consciousness of the country has been a good thing, or one which will prove good for Britain in the long run. One by one he reviews in his mind the means whereby the lowering of the national consciousness of the Highlands has been effected, and one by one he dismisses them as bringing some injury to the people. He finds that the lessening of the chieftain's power has substituted a commercial bond for the finer bond of loyalty and respect; that the prohibition of national dress, even if it was successful in facilitating the "coalition" of Highlandmen "with their fellow subjects," yet has tended to depress their "dignity of independence," and their spirit, of which he says, "To lose this spirit is to lose what no small advantage will compensate"; while he dismisses with caustic curtness and with contempt the attempt to suppress the language. "Schools are erected, in which English only is taught, and there were lately some who thought it reasonable to refuse them a version of the holy scriptures, that they might have no monument of their mother-tongue." He notes with apprehension the trickling away of the life-blood of the country through emigration, and censures the conception of government as that which drives away material which is difficult to shape.

"To hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. To soften the obdurate, to convince the mistaken, to mollify the resentful, are worthy of a statesman; but it affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness."

Johnson sees that this draining of the best blood is

the beginning of decadence; that the Highlands are being made uniform with the rest of the kingdom through a process which is costing too much, which is driving all the fire overseas. He recognises that it would be better to retain the precious element, and use it for the purposes for which it was fitted.

In this recognition he shows a truly statesmanlike consciousness, and in the question he raises, too, as to whether uniformity is of much value. He recognises that a kingdom is like a team, and that in order that there may be general harmony it is not necessary that each part be exactly alike. He even questions the desirability of having each part alike. "It may likewise deserve to be inquired whether a great nation ought to be totally commercial?" For him, the value of the Highlands was essentially military. We would not agree with this estimate to-day. For us the value of the Highlands is in their stubborn spiritual quality, and in their negation of materialism, a negation which is at the root of many of the seeming failures of the Highlands, but which cannot be over-valued in an age and an empire whose constant urge is towards materialism. But though we disagree with Johnson's estimate, we cannot fail to be struck by the sagacity which saw that the Highlands should have, not necessarily a development on English lines, but the development best suited to their powers.

Another thing the English traveller noted with deep sympathy was the poverty of the poorer tenants. Again he was statesmanlike in seeing the danger of this. "If to the daily burden of distress an additional weight be added, nothing remains but to despair and die." His words proved only too true some fifty-eight years later when, in the clash of commercial interests that meant the failure of the kelp industry, the "weak and the remote" went so pitifully to the wall.

It is, then, no exaggeration to say that the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* carries us right beyond the realm of prejudice and the boisterous whimsy which Johnson sometimes shows. It is worthy of consideration for other reasons, too, because of its general relationship with English literature of the eighteenth century, as showing a power of description, a sensibility (even if the

reluctant sensibility of a man who yields himself to feeling but grudgingly) to the influence of the sublime in nature, and even an emotional note in description which is rare in the literature of that century—and because it is notable for the rare flashes of human, as distinct from political, wisdom, which characterise almost everything written by this great man. But for the Highlander it has the peculiar interest of being the testimony of a disinterested witness to the process by which the Highlands were broken. It gives food for thought to those of us to-day who, looking back at the past of the Highlands with profound dissatisfaction, and at the present with no overweening measure of satisfaction, are trying to read the lessons of these, so as to gain wisdom for the shaping of the future. Johnson applied to the situation he found in the Highlands the powers of a mind which was not moved by any sympathy of blood or race, but which, on being brought into contact with the affairs of the Highlands, could not fail, in spite of its alien and even hostile quality, to be partly right in judging the ills on which it looked, because of its own fundamental humanity and magnanimity. For us to-day it is profoundly interesting to read this commentary on what was wrong. We cannot but feel, in reading it, a sorrowful realisation of the difference it would have made to the destiny of the Highlands if the politicians who set out to develop the country through a policy of systematic throttling had spent in the country even the three months that Johnson spent, and had given to its problems but a quarter of the thought he gave.

His summing up of the situation has about it an ominous and masterly finality that even to-day leaves us little to add. "Of what they had before the late conquest of their country there remain only their language and their poverty. Their language is *attacked on every side.*"

The problem of the Highlands remained in his mind as an irritant, even after he had passed from the Highlands to the South. Yet it baffled him. It is with a touch of humour, the last refuge of the man who is baffled, that he finally dismisses it at the end of the *Journey*.

"After having seen the deaf taught arithmetic, who would be afraid to cultivate the Hebrides?"

The Prevention of the "Common Cold"

By Leonard Hill, F.R.S.

WHILE the expectation of life has been raised in recent time it is a common mistake to suppose that some ten years have been added to the life of those in late middle age. The increased expectation of life is due to the great saving that has been effected in the lives of infants and children, and it is a fact that the expectation of those in late middle age, for example, in the north-western districts of England, has scarcely improved in the last fifty years. It is true, however, that the proportionate number of the elderly in the whole population is going up, but this is due to the great diminution in the birth-rate which has and is continuing to take place, and which must eventually lead to too large a proportion of elderly and infirm to the young and vigorous, unless some revolution (accompanied by disordered public service and consequently famine and pestilence) arises which wipes out larger numbers, as has taken place in Russia and other war-starved countries.

While much has been done for the whole of the community by good sanitation, *e.g.*, water supply, drainage, etc., and while instruction in infant welfare has kept babies and children alive, little attention has been paid to improving the individual hygiene of the adult. Against the drop in the birth-rate, which in time will relieve the strain of the crowd on the adult individual, there must be put the increased saving of babies, and with the rise in the standard of living and want of garden suburbs it has become more and more difficult for young people to live a normal married sexual life. Factory and housing conditions and city amusements confine people too much to sedentary life in stagnant air and sunless places. City folk are removed from the daily supply of fresh young green food and fruits, available at little cost to the country folk, and live largely on foodstuff manipulated and impoverished

in vital principles by the artifices of the miller and canner. The citizen, by clothing and artificial heat, over-protects his or her body, and eats food over-cooked and ill-balanced in the adequate supply of vitamins. While temperance has diminished the ills due to over-indulgence in alcohol, the habit of eating sweets and highly sweetened cakes made of white flour has grown. Sugar and white flour are artificial products, not natural whole foods. Not enough fresh dairy produce and green foods is eaten.

The alimentary canal of many is kept in an unhealthy state by ill-balanced diet, over-exhaustion of the nervous system, and heated, stagnant environment. Through over-clothing and sedentary indoor life, less food is needed to keep up the body heat, and the fire of life burns sluggishly. The muscles become flabby, the breathing shallow, and constipation and alimentary toxæmia arise. These conditions are intensified by lack of the natural stimulation of the skin which should result from exposure of the naked body to cool air and warm sun; the ultra-violet rays of the sun have great power to keep up the general resistance to infection, as is shown by the cure of rickets, tuberculosis, etc., by means of sun baths taken in cool open air. The same remedial effect can be reached in bad climatic conditions by the use of powerful electric arc baths.

Sanitation having reduced many infectious diseases as cause of death, typhus, typhoid, small-pox, etc., the two chief causes now remaining of death of the middle-aged are cancer and respiratory diseases. The death-rate from these goes up because those from other chief causes have been reduced, and we cannot affirm, therefore, offhand that the causes of cancer have magnified greatly in the last few years. More people die of cancer because they now live to an age when cancer attacks the body. As to respiratory disease, there is good evidence that dusty trades enhance this—in particular, the inhalation of uncombined silica dust in very fine particulate condition, as by workers in quartz, granite, sandstone, masons, miners' grinders, etc. While silica dust poisons the lungs and produces degeneration, which is usually followed by tuberculosis, inhalation of other dusts gradually clogs the lungs and tends to increase bronchitis and shortness of breath

in late middle age. Every coal smoke fog in frosty weather increases the death-rate of those suffering from bronchitis, and pollution with coal smoke must be got rid of for the sake of sunshine and its effect on general health and happiness, as well as for economic reasons. It destroys buildings, stone, metals and decorations; makes a deal of unnecessary labour in washing clothes; prevents growth of green foods, salads, grass for cows, etc.; impedes locomotion; entails unnecessary use of artificial light, and drives people indoors and away from health-giving outdoor exercise. By distillation of coal and use of smokeless fuel and the other valuable by-products, two or three times the value of the coal, as burnt at present, might be had. Instead of polluting the air with sulphur acid fumes which irritate the breathing passages and destroy vegetation, we might have an abundant supply of ammonium sulphate, a most valuable fertiliser. Methods of making smokeless fuel and gas have now been made paying propositions, and certain town councils are just beginning to take up this long overdue reform. The great cause of the prevalence of catarrhs in the winter is not exposure to the outside cold, but the artificial heat and bad ventilation of our rooms; and the unhealthy state of our bodies due to sedentary indoor life with want of exercise and sun-baths; and a vitamin-poor diet.

Those acutely infected with catarrh massively infect others by spraying out the offending microbes yards around them in coughing, sneezing and speaking. Proper ventilation by open windows very greatly reduces the *dosage* of the infection. Rooms should always be ventilated with the maximum movement of the air which can be borne without the discomfort of a draught. More clothes should be put on in place of shutting a window, so that fresh, cool air may be breathed. Overcoats should not be put on on going out for a walk, for we produce far more body heat when walking, and an overcoat is only a disadvantage then. Overcoats should be used indoors to enable us to bear open windows. A foot-warmer and overcoat can replace a fire or radiator. We want warm feet and a cool head; hence the advantage of a floor warmed as with the old Roman hypocaust system, with open windows. Colder and more draughty floor

level and hot stagnant head level air—the conditions found in many artificially heated rooms—puts the breathing membrane in an unfavourable condition for resisting infection, which condition may become still more unfavourable on passing from the heated inside to the cold outside air. Such rapid changes are unnatural. The right thing to aim at is to keep our rooms as cool as possible and with the maximal amount of moving air which can be borne with comfort. By their fear of the least draught, by seeking to prevent catarrh by shutting themselves in hot, stuffy rooms, by fearing to take outdoor exercise in cold, damp or night air, by overclothing and never exposing their nude bodies to sunlight, and by overfeeding with the idea of keeping up their strength, people invite the troubles they try to avoid.

In the dark, dank winter day of our smoke-begrimed cities, arc light baths taken nude for a few minutes three times a week are an incentive to health. It must be borne in mind, however, that when powerful arc lamps are used for the purpose, incautious use may result in severe sunburn of the skin. Exposure of the naked body has to be made, then, for a minute or two at first, and the time of each bath lengthened day by day as the skin becomes hardened. Flushing of the skin is produced, followed by peeling and pigmentation, and the power of the blood to destroy microbes is put up notably by such baths. It is the invisible ultra-violet rays beyond the violet end of the spectrum which have the beneficial effect. These rays are present in the direct high sun rays and in bright sky shine and can be had by exposure of the nude body out of doors. Such exposure to warm sun in cool air has a wonderful curative effect on debilitated, rickety and tubercular children. If an arc light were installed in each school, or factory, and children, or factory hands, given baths every week during the winter, great benefit to health would result and increased resistance to catarrh, which at present causes an immense amount of sickness and lost time. The ancient Greeks and Romans knew the value of sun baths.

Epidemic catarrh, such as influenza, is probably caused by filter-passing microbes, so small as to be visible only by means of the halo of light surrounding each when the ultra-microscopic method is used. These microbes cause

a three-day feverish attack, not dangerous in itself, but leaving the body susceptible to infection by other microbes which produce pneumonia, bronchitis, etc. Unlike small-pox and other fevers, very little immunity is set up by an attack of catarrh, and the victim becomes quickly susceptible again. The great thing is to keep up the resistance of the body to secondary infection by leading a healthy life.

Such resistance can be increased by sun or arc baths, by open-air exercise, by sleeping with windows wide open and avoiding the over-heating of rooms, by a diet rich in vitamins and by temperance in appetite. Some claim that immunity can be kept up by a suitable vaccine, a dose of which may be injected every three months during the winter. The vaccine is a mixed one made of the various microbes which produce secondary infections, killed by heat and put up in known dilution.

It is not possible to protect against the initial infection of the unknown filter-passing organisms which produce the initial catarrh, but such vaccine probably gives protection against the dangerous secondary infections.

People in cities are constantly being slightly infected and so kept more or less vaccinated against catarrh, while those who have been away on holiday in the mountain or at the seaside, living an open-air life, come back susceptible, and in city conditions often fall victims. Similarly in the Alpine sanatoria a catarrhal epidemic is frequently started by the arrival from a city of some new patients in an active infecting state of catarrh.

No healthy habit of life can protect us against certain infections, such as small-pox, typhus, measles, etc., but one attack leaves the body immune to subsequent ones. By vaccination immunity can be established against some febrile diseases; in the case of common catarrh, unfortunately, neither one attack nor vaccination establishes immunity to subsequent infections. Open-air workers and those in sanatoria living open-air lives suffer much less, although not immune, because they escape serious secondary infections.

Catarrhs are attributed to a chill first, because the febrile attack is ushered in by a feeling of chill and often of slight shivering, the usual accompaniment of fever.

The incubation period after infection is one or two days, and the feeling of chill is attributed to a draught or to exposure to cold, which are accounted the cause of the catarrh, although it is really due to an infection received a day or two before. Secondly, the world in the past has for hundreds of years been cursed by malaria—now fortunately almost abolished from Britain. Malarial subjects are abnormally susceptible to cold, and exposure of these to the cold night air or to a cold wind may bring on an attack with the chill feeling and shivering. Hence has arisen the general fear of exposure to cold, which in truth enhances the vigour and health of normal people.

Those exposed to the utmost rigours of weather, as the troops in the trenches, or Shackleton and his comrades when they had to leave their ice-crushed ship and make their way to safety through the severest conditions and over appalling obstacles, are remarkably free from catarrh. One very frequently reads in the daily press that So-and-so died from pneumonia brought on by a chill suffered while carrying out some journey or other activity. Over-fatigue is, in truth, a much greater danger than exposure to cold during the febrile stage of a catarrh.

The wise thing is to rest at home during an infective catarrh and so render unlikely the secondary infection, which may produce pneumonia, and at the same time not be a cause of infection to others.

It is a reasonable precaution to keep people in the acute stage of catarrh a few yards away when interviewing them, or to hold a newspaper in front of the face so as to ward off the infection sprayed out by the explosive sounds of speech.

People in such acute infective stages in railway carriages should not have the prerogative of closing windows—they should be at home, and their presence requires the opening of a window for the protection of others from infection.

To stop the development of the initial symptoms of a catarrh the best thing is to take some warm drink and then, by means of a hot bottle and piling clothes on the bed, induce free perspiration and flushing of the skin with blood, the skin being a most important organ for keeping up the immunity to infection.

Secret Societies*

Part II—The Present

By Lord Sydenham of Combe

GRAND Orient Masonry, which played an important part in the French Revolution, subsequently developed, shedding none of its subversive characteristics. When turning to "The Present," therefore, Mrs. Webster was constrained to deal at length with Masonry, and to draw a fundamental distinction between the Grand Orient, with its world ramifications, and the British system under the supervision of Grand Lodge. As she conclusively proves from the writings and speeches of Masons, the policy of the Grand Orient is "avowedly international Socialism." British Freemasonry, on the other hand, adheres to its "ancient landmarks" affirmed in 1849. It has, therefore, forbidden all association with the Grand Orient, and as late as 1921 it emphatically declined an insidious invitation to participate in an International Masonic Conference in Switzerland. The wisdom of this attitude is beyond all doubt, and by its determination to eschew politics British Masonry has operated as a safeguard against subversion. According to the official report of a Masonic Conference at Geneva in 1902 :—

> Freemasonry has imposed upon itself a task—a mission. It is a question of nothing less than the rebuilding of society on an entirely new basis, which shall be more in accordance with the present conditions of communications, new productions, as well as of a reform of right, of a complete renewal of the principle of existence, especially of the principle of community and of the relations of men among one another.

Here we have the theory of world revolution, as expounded to British working-men and disguised by vague idealism behind which lie the Sadist horrors of the French Revolution and of Bolshevism. Among recent achievements of Con-

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tinental Masonry Mrs. Webster refers to the Portuguese revolutions from 1910 to 1921, the murders of the King and Crown Prince and that of Señor Paes, the President of the Republic. It is now clear that the assassinations at Serajevo in 1914 were also the work of a secret society, which had made the most complete preparations to prevent the escape of the victims. From what source did the order come which set the world on fire?

In Eastern Europe the lodges, largely under the control of Jews, followed Marxian lines, and documents discovered after the terror established by Bela Kun in Hungary revealed the fact that these ideas had been "disseminated by the Freemasons." A different policy was followed by the lodges at Salonica, where "the Young Turk movement originated." A nationalist policy here replaced that of international Socialism, and later assisted Mustapha Kemal to power. "The same secret societies which inspired the Templars have never ceased to exist," are at work to-day, and may have connections with the Grand Orient.

The whole chapter on "Modern Freemasonry" should be read by all British Masons. Mrs. Webster shows clearly that a wider publication of their tenets is desirable. Readers of this book will not fail to understand that efforts to penetrate British lodges are certain to be made. An article by "D. W." in *The Freemason* of August last is unpleasantly significant, as the writer's rancour against *Secret Societies* seems to be mainly inspired by the author's candid statement of the Jewish problem.

"Secret Societies in England" include Theosophy, a term used by the Martinists in the eighteenth century, and also connected with the Rosy Cross in Germany two centuries earlier. The divagations of Mrs. Besant, who, after securing the appointment of Vice-President of the *Supreme Conseil* of the Order of *Maconnerie mixte*, developed an English branch under the name of Co-Masonry, are explained. This branch formed an alliance on February 19th, 1922, with the Grand Orient. It was natural, therefore, that Mrs. Besant should have helped to finance the *Daily Herald*, the Bolsheviks' "own organ," and that she actively promotes revolution in India. The utilisation of women as tools for his purposes was one of

Weishaupt's devices, and was adopted a century later by Bakunin. It is not possible to gauge the harm done by Co-Masonry, now claiming to have 442 lodges, by means of suggestion; but it is clear from the voting at a special convention held in April last that many members have no idea of the shocking scandals in which Theosophy is involved.

The story of the foundation of a Rosicrucian Order in England with Germany as its spiritual home, which Mrs. Webster disguises as the "Babylonian Brotherhood," is peculiarly instructive. Into this society a sinister Cabalist with many titles, referred to as "Z.," was able to penetrate in 1898, while another called "Herr Brockman," a former Theosophist, appears to supply the German direction which has marked the "Brotherhood" from the first, and caused a schism during the war, after strong protests from patriotic English members. The dangers of such a secret society are obvious, even if the "Brotherhood" is not linked with other Orders under German control.

Another secret society "essentially German-Jewish," which Mrs. Webster christens "Aurora," masquerades as a French organisation, and works on the methods of Weishaupt, "penetrating into almost every subversive group, even as far afield as New Zealand." It is described as "an adjunct of the Grand Orient," with a lodge in Paris. These and minor societies may not individually be of great importance; but there is evidence of a much larger organisation in the background, and it is madness to regard the Grand Orient as innocuous. Each and all these societies may be able "to influence public opinion" in some degree, and "to float ideas which may have far-reaching consequences." Moreover, the facilities for secretly exerting influences are infinitely greater now than in the time of the older revolutionary bodies.

A curious difficulty arises in dealing freely with the proceedings of these modern secret societies. Complete evidence may exist as to the character and actions of individuals; but the law of libel may operate as a protection for certain evil-doers. Proceedings are costly in any case in which the plaintiff has wealthy patrons who will provide him with funds, and the defendant, if successful, must be prepared for a considerable sacrifice. Mrs. Webster has

thus been obliged to disguise names; but she is permitted to quote this startling communication of an initiate of a secret Order :—

> I have been convinced that we, as an Order, have come under some very evil occult Order. . . . We are convinced that the Order is being controlled by some Sun Order after the nature of the Illuminati, if not by that Order itself. . . . Is there no one in authority who understands these things and realises the danger both to the country and to individuals from these forces working for disruption and world revolution?

Here is a secret society which might and ought to be broken up, but is permitted to exist and to contaminate innocent minds. "Open subversive movements" are the outward and visible signs of the insidious work of secret societies. The working classes had legitimate grievances, many of which have been or are being removed; but the present Socialist ferment does not represent a "spontaneous revolt of the people." The spread of the borrowed doctrines of the Jew Marx was carefully engineered, and the subversive movements in this country and Empire are foreign in origin. As Mrs. Webster truly points out :—

> The world revolution is not a popular movement, but a conspiracy to impose upon the people a system directly opposed to their real demands and aspirations.

That Socialism, which leads straight to Communism and anarchy, has always failed disastrously in practice is carefully concealed. The appalling conditions of Russia have not sufficed to prevent the acclamation of Bolshevik delegates at Hull and elsewhere, or the signing of a Treaty of surrender to Judæo-Russian assassins by a Socialist Government. How have British working men been induced to support the wholesale murderers of their class? The propaganda by which this astonishing result has been achieved demanded large expenditure. As Mrs. Webster asks :—

> Who provides the funds for this vast campaign? Do they come out of the pockets of the workers, or from some other mysterious reservoir of wealth?

"Organisations working for law and order are hampered at every turn for funds," but the so-called "Labour Movement" and the *bourgeois intelligentsia* which directs it are lavishly financed. The Socialist "conspiracy" has secured some strange allies. "The 700 clergymen of the

Church of England and the Episcopal Church of Scotland," who presented a memorial to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald last year, dedicated Christianity to the service of Socialism and have become its unconscious tools. In Ireland, Catholic priests acted as if they were agents of "the International Atheist conspiracy." Thus has

> Weishaupt's design of enlisting the clergy in the work of world revolution been carried out according to plan.

The same design is revealed in the *Protocols*, and ignorance of the facts which Mrs. Webster has disclosed is plainly the cause of this clerical support for doctrines prescribed and disseminated in the interests of "the code of hell." Unconscious allies of revolutionists have always been used as effective decoys.

"Illuminism, Cabalism, and even Satanism are still realities" in certain Masonic societies, and Mrs. Webster makes the grave statement that

> I have seen dozens of documents relating to occult groups in this country which practise rites and evocations that lead to illness, moral perversion, and even in some cases to death. I have heard, from the lips of initiates themselves, accounts of the terrible experiences through which they have passed.

All such movements are connected with subversion and are thus "well worth the attention of Governments that desire to protect law, order, and public morality." They remain immune as if under some secretly exercised protection.

The chapter on "Pan-Germanism" goes straight to the root of many of the problems of the present European situation. All subversive movements, though apparently differing in their immediate objects, have a curious similarity of aim. Pan-Germanism, like Jewish Bolshevism, which it started in hapless Russia, was directed towards world dominion, and both have followed doctrines embodied by Machiavelli in *The Prince*:—

> Thus the Ems telegram in 1870, the false Report that tricked Russia into mobilisation in 1914, the violation of treaties and of all the laws of civilised warfare,

accord with these doctrines and illustrate the methods of Weishaupt and the Illuminati. "The dream of world domination has haunted the imagination of many races"

and has inspired the policy of Prussia since the time of Frederick the Great, a diligent student of Machiavelli. It has also been the dream of the Jews during many centuries and is enshrined in the Cabala and the Talmud, and elaborated in the *Protocols*. Subversive movements, great and small, appear to be never anti-German or anti-Semitic, never pro-French or pro-British. All contain Jewish elements to-day as in a distant past, and all in different degrees are hostile to Christianity. Germany has proved well able to defend herself against the "devastating doctrines" which are now shaking the foundations of civilisation, and could even enlist the subversive forces in the cause of Pan-Germanism, as Mrs. Webster proves. To create revolutionary movements in other countries and to mislead popular opinion has been the German object. As General Ludendorff wrote :—

> We must again and again rub in the sentence in Kuhlmann's speech to the effect that the question of Alsace-Lorraine is the only one that stands in the way of peace. And we must lay special emphasis on the fact that the English people are shedding their blood for an Imperialistic war aim.

This propaganda was successful in capturing Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and other members of the Socialist *intelligentsia*, while M. Jaurès and the French Socialists were completely deceived.

> With the exception of the Social Democratic Party, every Socialist body in this country has proclaimed pro-German sentiments;

and, as Mrs. Webster impressively points out,

> it was not Socialist Germany, but Imperialist Germany, that won the allegiance of our so-called democrats.

Readers of *Secret Societies* will not fail to gain an insight into the foreign policy of the Socialist Government, or to understand why that Government is appealing —apparently with confidence—to the British electorate to give financial and moral support to the Bolsheviks, helped to power by Imperial Germany.

Germany is supposed to be the natural home of "anti-Semitism," which was professed by Luther, Kant, Fichte, Schopenhauer and Treitschke; but Prussia especially has been able to secure useful Jewish support. Mrs. Webster quotes the Jew Maximilian Harden, who recently declared that :—

> The services of the Jews to Germany during the war were enormous. The patriotism of the Jews was beyond reproach, in many cases even ludicrous and offensive in its intensity. . . . There is a strong affinity between the German and the Jew.

All this and much more cannot be disregarded by anyone who honestly desires to understand the present situation.

Mrs. Webster has plainly demonstrated that :—

> besides Pan-Germanism, there is another power at work, a power far older, that seeks to destroy all national spirit, all ordered government in every country, Germany included.

In her final chapter on "The real Jewish Peril," therefore, she sets herself to examine, with studied moderation, the extent and implications of Jewish power, basing her investigation almost wholly on Jewish documents. Of one fact there is no possible doubt. The dream of world domination runs right through the ancient Cabala and appears in the Talmud, while, according to the Jew Michael Rodkinssohn, "The modern Jew is the product of the Talmud."

As the Primrose League may well note, no one has more clearly discerned the Jewish Peril than Disraeli. What could be more significant than this, written in 1852?

> It was neither Parliaments, nor populations, nor the course of Nature, nor the course of events that overthrew the throne of Louis Philippe . . . the throne was surprised by the secret societies, ever prepared to ravage Europe.

But a few years earlier, when foretelling the European convulsion of the mid-nineteenth century, it was Disraeli who said that Jews were at the head of all the secret societies then preparing for revolution. And again it was Disraeli who declared that

> the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined.

Disraeli was in a position to know, and he left us other warnings of the dangers of his race, which he seemed to think might be mitigated by the employment of Jews. Mrs. Webster draws from Jewish sources masses of evidence amplifying and emphasising those warnings.

A Jew named Morel anticipated by many years the indictment of Dr. Oscar Levy by asking :—

> What can the wisest measures of the authorities of all countries do against the vast and permanent conspiracy of a people which, like a network as vast it is strong, stretched over the whole globe, brings its force to bear wherever an event occurs that interests the name of Israelite?

As in the past so to-day, Jewish influence can be traced in all the movements tending to subversion, moral, intellectual, and political. "Freud, the inventor of the most dangerous form of psycho-analysis," because the most destructive of Christian principles, "is a Jew." At the back of Bolshevism in art are Jews, and a Jewish paper remarks :—

> It is lamentable to think of the undue proportion of young Jews who have joined the Revolutionary or sham "Modern Art" movement in this country.

It is the same with cinemas, and the drug traffic here and in America. The so-called revolution in Russia and that which failed, after perpetrating horrible atrocities, in Hungary are dominantly Jewish. It was a rich Jew with many aliases who, as General Ludendorff has explained, suggested the means of carrying through the former in German interests. In the secret societies with their roots in America, which, as *The Times* has pointed out, are helping to produce chaos in Ireland, Jewish influence is marked. In the councils of the "Labour" Party it is plainly rampant. Mrs. Webster is perfectly justified in saying that

> the fact is that the whole educational, as well as the whole political and social, world is permeated with Jewish influence.

The "real Jewish peril" consists in the assertion of power by an Asiatic race obsessed with megalomania, inspired by its ancient traditions with animus against Christianity, and admirably adapted, by its dispersion throughout the world and its language, to the purposes of a secret society. That its power was increased by the war and that it is now able to exercise intimidation is beyond all doubt. There are many Jews who are loyal subjects of the countries they have adopted, but the call of the blood may at times be irresistible.

While Mrs. Webster has proved that world-wide subversive movements in all forms are at work with singular unanimity of purpose, she is unable to decide whether there is a central direction of the whole or where it may reside. This the Governments of Europe, if earnestly intent on saving civilisation and if they would share the secret information they possess, might ascertain. In

America there have been important investigations, and the Lusk Report—unknown here—is a mine of information.

It has been impossible in this review to do more than give a general idea of the scope of this vitally important book. Most thoughtful people in this country are now aware that secret agencies are at work baffling patriotic statesmanship, corrupting public opinion, confusing the intelligence of our people, and creating class hatred. Mrs. Webster's self-sacrficing labours have provided clues to the understanding of much that happened during the Great War and is happening now, when the danger to liberty and civilisation is greater than in August, 1914. The forces, such as the Socialist-Communist movement here, are not what they represent themselves to be, but are mostly alien with origins that can be traced back for 2,000 years. As she wisely states :—

> The only effectual way of combating Socialism is to show up the alien influences behind it.

This she has done, fearlessly and with infinite care and skill. Her broad conclusion is unimpeachable.

> As far as this country is concerned, I am convinced that only a great national movement can save us from destruction—a movement in which men of all classes, and, above all, of the working class, will take part.

Behind the secret forces which are encompassing our destruction "are the veritable powers of darkness in eternal conflict with the powers of light." If we are to be saved we must—in politics, in commerce, and in our social life—realise the supreme truth that righteousness alone can exalt a kingdom.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The General Election

"How's the election going, Sar'nt?" asked Heddle.

"Fine," replied Sergeant Murphy. "I've never seen people so intherested in the result. Now that Ramsay has decided on makin' it an annual evint, the St. Stephen's League is goin' to rival the Football League in popularity. We'll have Parliamentary chat like this: 'The Conservatives have secured the re-thransfer of Churchill, a fast, dangerous forward, who lift thim years ago for the Liberals owin' to a personal difference with the managemint. If he can fit in with the Conservative attack, he'll be a useful acquisition. Young Baldwin, son of the Conservative cinthre-half, has signed amachoor forms for the Socialists and will shortly be given a thrile. The Communists, who are still first in the League, readin' from below, have decided to purshoo their Moscow tactics, disregardin' all allegations of foul play. The Liberals are on the look-out for a cinthre-forward that will co-ordinate the attack. Intherviewed be our represintative as to the rumour that this is Asquith's last season, Mrs. Asquith hotly denied it, sayin' that she's still in sthrict trainin' with tongue and pin, and good for years to come.' And so on etcethera. Sure haven't they started coupon-bettin' in the newspapers on the result?"

"I'd a canvasser here yesterday——" began Heddle.

"To be sure you had. So had I. Four of him, though wan was a woman. On behalf of Our Dumb Frinds League or The Lost Thribes of Israel. I promised her me vote, and would give it if I remimbered what she stood for. But the others learned me nothin'. The Conservative fellah looked like wan of the Sabini Gang, but founded his claim for me vote on the fact that the bally old Socialists are a jolly rotten lot. The Liberal fellah thought the last word in politics was said be Gladstone in '67. And the Socialist, who looked as if he ran a night club for mimbers of the House of Lords, was opposed to vivisection, but definded the Bolshevik experiment in Russia. When I thried to pick out the wan of the

three that affronted me intelligence the least, I couldn't do it, and I began to invy the lad that marches up to the pollin'-booth and affixes his cross without a thrace of a doubt that his man is the thrue blue."

"Yes," said Heddle. "Quite right. That's why I say it's silly to give votes to women. They can't understand politics. They simply pick out the good-looking chaps and vote for them."

"They might do worse," said the Sergeant, "though they didn't pick thim that way last time or the Threasury Binch would have a comelier set of fassades on view. But I don't know that women aren't as fit to vote as most of us. What do we know about most questions except what the *Daily Hoot* or some other paper tells us? If you were asked on oath what was an invisible export, could you say offhand how many legs it had, or whether it left the counthry alive or in a tin? And if me own job depinded on me explainin' why Feesoul, King of the Hedgehogs, should be dhrawin' a fat salary from our Threasury, I'd be headin' the dole queue to-morrow. But your vote and mine, Heddle, count two—the same as anny two in the land. So why shouldn't women have an equal privilege?

"And inflatin' the currency, which that Liberal fellah talked about. It takes a banker half a lifetime to undherstand it, I'm told, and yet to-morrow if the Conservatives took up wan side and the Liberals took up the other, you and me and ould Billy Timms, who has to count on his fingers to see what three loaves come to at fourpince-three-farthin's, would have as sthrong a say in an election as the Governor of the Bank of England and his two chief assistants. It's what's called dimmocracy, Heddle—a thing we fought and bled for, and aren't sure what to do with it now we have it."

"What's goin' to happen, Sarn't?" asked the other.

"I wish I knew," said the Sergeant. "Anyhow I fancy Tom Bray's chance."

"He's not up for Parliament—him," said Heddle contemptuously.

"Not likely," replied Sergeant Murphy. "But he's filled up seventeen hundherd coupons for the *Daily Hoot* £5,000 competition. He's now the hottest politician in our sthreet."

American Glimpses

I.—England and America Change Places

By William A. Robson

[At the beginning of 1923 Mr. Robson received an invitation from a body called the "National Student Forum" to visit America and to make an extended tour of some thirty universities there. The "Forum" is a loose federation of students' unions and discussion clubs in about a hundred colleges and universities throughout the States. It has no particular axe to grind beyond demanding for American students and professors as complete a measure of academic freedom (a polite name for freedom of speech) as exists in most English universities.

At the end of 1922 two young Harvard graduates who were officers of the "Forum" crossed the Atlantic and discovered Europe. They discovered, that is to say, that Europe was not the mere "dog fight" which at that time it in some ways appeared in American eyes, but that a great deal of movement which seemed to them significant was stirring in many of the old countries. They were particularly impressed with the keen interest taken in the great social problems of the day by the younger generation in the universities. The representatives of the "National Student Forum" felt that, compared with his European cousin, the American college student leads a life which is far more isolated and detached from the main problems which confront the world to-day; and they thought it would be a good thing to get half a dozen university men from as many European countries to visit a large number of American universities and endeavour to describe to them the kind of atmosphere and activity and outlook which prevail among university students in the old world.

Thus it came about that Mr. Robson spent six crowded months in "those United States," and one result of his tour is a series of short impressions (this being the first) of features which attracted his passing attention.—ED., E.R.]

I OFTEN feel that the relation which America now bears to Europe, both in fact and feeling, resembles in many ways the relation which England bore to Europe during most of the past century. It never took five days to cross the Channel, it is true; but all distance is relative and subjective, and the average enterprising American (especially in the East) thinks about as much to-day of running across to Europe as an Englishman in 1850 thought about going to France or Germany. Living in such a vast country has made American citizens very large-minded in their conceptions of distance; and it is astonishing to observe how many thousands of Americans run over to Europe in the summer for a few weeks' holiday.

The development of aircraft, too, has for all practical purposes made England virtually cease to be an island whose safety can be adequately assured by sea power. And America to-day is in about the same position of security from attack—one is thinking here only of mere physical or geographical possibilities—as Great Britain was all through the nineteenth century. In the United States, again, there has been a withdrawal from European engagements not unlike that which characterised English foreign policy after the Napoleonic wars; a belief in the possibility of assuming a growing economic prominence while yet maintaining political detachment, similar to that which England held in the Victorian era; and a reluctance to yield to the silent forces making for association somewhat like that which characterised England's attitude all last century. One does not prophesy or criticise, one merely analyses.

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One of the most remarkable features of American life is the shortening of time values, not merely in regard to the past, but also in regard to the future. Where an Englishman of middle-age will look back twenty years in order to survey the progress that has been made in some particular direction, an American will look back two years. Where an Englishman will look into the future, with the idea of prophesying, and think in terms of decades, an American doing the same thing will think in terms of as many months. The reason for this is that opinion changes far more rapidly in the United States than in Great Britain; and the "time-lag" between a change in opinion and the resulting change in fact is telescoped to a fraction of its European span. Never in the whole history of the world have vast developments taken place so quickly as in the United States; and the result is a tremendous belief in the possibility of *rapid* change, and an optimism which is almost unknown in post-war Europe. One never sees old people in America, only white-haired men and women full of years. There is no gulf between the generations, and father and son mix on a plane of equality as contemporaries. This is the real sense in which America is a young country. I met only one man in the United States who referred to so long a period in

the future as ten years ahead, and he was born in Roumania of a Spanish father and a Dutch mother!

When I was in one of the more recently settled middle west States I noticed the special excellence of the elaborate network of roads. "This is strange," I said to my host. "It seems impossible that these splendid roads really exist. I read that you had no good roads in this part of the country." "When was that?" he asked. I told him it was two or three years ago. "Well," he answered with a smile, "we didn't have any roads at all *in those days*."

Eros, in Piccadilly

By Enid Clay

HERE where Love's victims bleed and die
Afresh each day, the God of Love shall stand;
Mute sentinel, poised as for instant flight —
The arrow sped—the drawn bow in his hand.

Above the close shawl'd women he holds sway;
Coarse, raucous voiced, they mock the tender bloom
Of innocent buds, that scarce have come to birth;
Victims of sacrifice, sent to their doom.

And Eros should be shamed that here he waits,
Seeing glad youth, unheeding, pass him by:
Young life that like the bursting rose expands—
Till all its pretty petals fading lie.

But through the day he still must watch apart,
Grey dawn—and golden noon shall hold him fair.
He may not leave the traffic of the flowers,
And night creeps down to find him lonely there.

Night like a deathless lover holds him fast
Till pale ghost-glimmerings of the morn
Shall touch his disillusioned eyes
And Eros be new born!

To Anne

On her twentieth birthday, with a copy of "Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie."

By Muriel Kent

I KNOW it's quite effete to praise
The old Victorian words and ways;
I dare not hope that you will fall
In love with *Esmond* and with all
The dear, green-bound, neglected row
We knew so well, long years ago.
But if you condescend to look
Within the pages of this book,
No phrase ornate and insincere
Shall vex your eyes, so young and clear:
Indeed, you'll hardly fail to find
A certain kinship of the mind
With this Victorian maiden who
Was in her 'teens in 'fifty-two,
And saw the third Napoleon ride
Through Paris in his hour of pride.
Her Journal shows that *this* Anne knew
Unrest—and wondered, just like you!
It also proves your dancing craze
Was not unknown in her young days.
At Little Holland House she dined;
Crimean heroes she would find
At evening parties—or again,
She walked with Carlyle in the rain,
Heard Kingsley preach on "Charity"—
Ah, let not Time's disparity
Detract from her who had, in truth,
The secret of eternal youth!
And then, because her Letters trace,
With such inimitable grace,

Authors and artists by the score,
She makes us know and love them more. . . .
A perfect dear! I hear you say,
And picture you upon your way
To Mudie's with a list—and if
You find *The Village on the Cliff*,
That path, no doubt, will lead you on
To Kensington, *Old Kensington.*

* * * * *

The fervent birthday wish I send
Is just that you may have a friend
As wise and witty, kind and true,
As she whose gentle soul looks through
The Sargent portrait—with amaze
That we should give her so much praise!

The Rejected Lover

By Hon. Eleanour Norton

WERE I a rose, then would thy willing hand
Place me where sunlight and clear water meet,
And I, in some ensheltered fairy land,
Would make sweet space around thee still more sweet.
Were I a jewel beautiful and pure,
My rays would light the heaven of thy breast,
Were I a dying leaf, and might endure
The imprint where thy magic foot had prest.
Were I thy lute, that o'er my silver strings
Thy hand might sweep in some immortal song,
O were I one amongst the thousand things
That to thy life and loveliness belong!
But being only thy despisèd Lover
These still shall please, while my poor life is over.

The Deacon's Window

By G. B. Stuart

In the year of Our Lord 1318 Sieur William de Braye, a Churchman of noble lineage, was translated from the Rectorship of Chelsyth-by-the-River, which he had held but two years, to such advancement as better became his family honour.

And because at this time Pope John XXII reserved many rich English benefices for his own dispensing, it was expedient to make little of the matter, lest the taxing be raised, either on the outgoing or the incoming of the Abbot's choice; and thus the Church languished, and the wants of humble Christian men were like to be ignored.

Then came one to Westmynster that held Chelsyth at fee, and told how All Hallowes by the Waterside was void of a Parochial. And my Lord Abbot answered full shortly that Deacon Nicholas Hosbounde should fill the office: "For they say at Oxford," quoth he, "that the young man shall go far, and God wot Chelsyth is far enough from Rome for His Holiness to overlook the happenings thereof!"

So the young clerk Nicholas came to the bankside withouten any sounding of trumpet, and the Pope marked it not, and my Lord Abbot forgot it altogether.

All Hallowes stood in a waste place of meadows and dykes, which Thames-tide filled and emptied every day, and in Spring-flux Chelsyth was less land than water, with little waves among the grasses, and green stains on the Church walls; the men of Chelsyth were fishers of salmon for the Canons of Westmynster that were nice eaters, and snarers of duck and bernagle, and growers of fruit and pasture and pannage, where the land lifted to the north-west, and Thames-tide reached not.

Such country craft moved not Pope John, and to this lusty place by the River came Deacon Nicholas, full of high thoughts for the flock of his charge; with them he lived for thirty years, dying in the time of the Great

Plague, 1349—and, living and dying, Chelsyth was ever in his heart.

Where, in the heart of Chelsyth, his portrait sheweth to all time.

The Painter thereof, a cunning workman in glass, after the fashion of the Low Countries, painted him in his flux of Springtime and Hope, yet was not the picture set up in the Church of All Hallowes, till as an old Priest and weary, facing the Black Death among his stricken people, he passed to his preferment in the High Courts of Heaven.

It was spring of the year when Nicholas set wide the Church doors, and rang the bell, and lighted the tapers at All Hallowes; but the people came not at this invitation, for the high tides had brought salmon up river, and the beans and carrots were to sow on the ridge lands, and at the Causey Head the women were washing linen. "Poor folk must work while it is yet day," said the new Rector, "and if they come not to me, I must to them." So he tucked up his habit, and made his way through the water meadows to them that fished and planted and laboured for the scanty living of those days, when wars in the north, and wars overseas, and wars at home likewise, had beggared all ENGLAND save Courtiers and Churchmen.

The working folk stared to see him splashing towards them, and misdoubted that a new tax was like to be laid on their backs for the profit of this newcomer; but when they found that he could play a fish, or fell a tree, or turn a furrow with them, they grew to trust him, and to seek him out, if not always for God's Service, at least for Man's Comfort.

When in due time he took on him Priest's Orders, he was already the Friend of the Parish as well as its Head, and there came many a man and maid for marriage, many a babe for baptising, many a sinner to confession, or a poor soul for masses and relief of Purgatory, that would have scamped the Holy Offices and chanced the Devil's penalties in the haughty reign of Sieur William de Braye.

Living was hard, and Death easy in the days when Rector Nicholas came to Chelsyth, and this young priest, that had dreampt much and hoped much of his High Calling, soon found that to be Greatest in this place, he

must be readiest to Serve, as One that had dealt with fisherfolk before him.

After this fashion years passed, and there came the Lord Bishop of Winchester to town, for the sacring of the new King (a boy of but fourteen that was like to show his teeth to the Pope), and this Prelate lodged within the Precincts at Westmynster by reason of the great part he played at the Crowning.

And in remembrance of Over-lordship which had held in the past between Winchester and the Riverside, My Lord asked of the Abbot, "What of Chelsyth?"

Whereof the outcome was that the Abbot's barge, with My Lord on board, and a very noble company, rowed up to All Hallowes by the River, and demanded of such as flocked to the Church steps to see the landing, where might the Priest be found?

The folks—old men and children for the greater part—stared and gaped upon the noble visitors, and one said one thing and one another, till it seemed as though no answer were forthcoming to the question—then came there one running in haste, roughly clad and begrimed with earth and sweat, and, kneeling before my Lords, he answered, "I am Nicholas, that poor priest, but now rich in the presence and welcoming of his Fathers in God, to whom all honour, obedience and fealty!" and he made as though he would have kissed the Abbot's hand, that was nearest his lips, and was most nimbly withdrawn.

But the Bishop cried heartily, "Rise, Master Nicholas, we would fain view thy Church and speak with thee awhile," and the Parochial, drawing a great key from under his habit, opened the Watergate at the head of the steps, and bade his guests to enter.

Alas, it was but a poor place and uncomely, for it had neither painted glass nor rich hangings, nor carvings of any devices—the windows were set with lead, and the seats were of plain wood, withouten cushions of silk or vellett—upon the walls were no paintings but stains of damp mould, and the tynsell on the Altar Cloth was black with age. My Lord of Winchester looked about him curiously, but the Abbot of Westmynster spoke in high disdain and with a face of red wrath, for he held himself shamed before a great Prince of the Church.

"How now, Master Nicholas," quoth he, "we take thee by surprise and we find thy Church unseemly as thy person!—for ten years thou hast held thy Rectorship and naught to show for it but a ruined Church, a crowd of scurvy rascals on the bankside, and thyself the sorriest Dodman of them all! What findest thou to do with thyself and thy tithes, that neither the one nor the other is, seemingly, spent in the Service of Holy Church?"

Nicholas looked from one to another of his guests, and ceased not to smile with his eyes, though his face was lean and set beyond his years: "My Lords, for the Rector's tything of Chelsyth, receive I yearly much store of green meat, namely, beans and turnips, from the husbandmen of my parish, with sometime a goose or a fish, if the reverend larders of Westmynster be fully plenished—but money get I seldom, and with roots and peascods can one but scant'ly repair the breaches of an old building or the rents of a Cannapy of Cloth. Therefore with my tithes I find but to do my best to sod them in various ways, as pottage or foison-stew, for my meat, and with myself I find but to do my best also, which even now was to fix the thatch of Mother Tremblett's hovel, by the Common, blown away in the Great Storm. Had I known of the coming of My Lords, I had been in readiness, but I thought not of such favour, and the wind bloweth where it listeth, which bodeth evil to Mother Tremblett her bones."

The Bishop, who was a merry man, let forth a jovial laugh, but the Abbot laughed not, for some ways of this simple Priest seemed to imperil his dignity. "Have none but Chumps and Starvelings flourished under thy rule, Master Priest?" cried he rudely. "Where is thy pride to equal thyself with dunnaughts and consort with common fishers?"

"'Tis as near the example of my Master as I am like to get, my Lord," interrupted the young Priest, and while the one Ecclesiastic foamed with indignation, the other cried, "A hit, My Lord Abbot, a hit!" so that many fell a-laughing.

Then the Bishop rose up from the bench whereon he rested, and held out his great ring for Nicholas to kiss—"Rector Hosbounde," quoth he, "there was of old time in this Church a seat dedicate to the uses of the Bishop of Winchester as Overlord of Chelsyth, or ever the advow-

son passed to the holding of Westmynster; in God's Mercy may that seat be of a softer nature than this, for verily I have a mind to come and sit in it one day, and hear thee preach!"

And with that the whole train of nobles and their following trooped out of the Church, by the Watergate in the South wall, and from the steps they entered again into their barge—the Abbot crying loudly, "A stoup of wine and a pasty, for my Lord Bishop's table!" and showing no heed more of the country priest that stood on the bankside. But the Bishop, that courteous man of God, saluted the young man, right farantly, as did others of the Company, for some that knew Churchmen in general held him as distinguished from these, and others that knew My Lord Abbot in particular were minded to mark that they differed from him.

Then as the barge drew off, and Nicholas turned him about, John the Painter came down Church Lane with the swing and the smile of a free man, who calls none Master save God and his own Will, and hearing of the day's doings from Mother Tremblett's roofing to the last despightful words, shook all his tawny doublet with unseemly laughter: "Why cried ye not, 'a platter of carrots and a piggen of Thames-water for the Rector, his table!" quoth he, and catching his friend's sleeve dragged him back into the Church. There with uplifted hand, and face to the High Altar, he shouted forth this Vow, for he was of a very hot spirit, and hated injustice as he hated the French. "To the Holy Trinity, to Mary, the Mother of God, to Luke Evangelist, that crafty Painter, I swear! That in this Church there shall be set up such a Painting, as is not found in the Abbey of Westmynster, nor in other Church of this land for richness or for worth. And within it shall be pourtrayed the features of Master Nicholas Hosbounde, Rector of this place, limned and coloured as in life, for all to see the manner of man that he is—and the same shall be fashioned as a window, that the light may pass through, even as the true Light shineth through the deeds and words of the said Priest. And I swear likewise that because my Lord of Winchester was Overlord of the Parish of Chelsyth, or ever the Abbot of Westmynster made traffic in the same, I will set this Painting for all time above the place of the Bishop his seat, a

perpetual memorial before God and His Church of a true Priest and a true Man! Jesu, Mary, Luke Evangelist, bear witness!"

Brave thoughts and hot words, pardie, and Nicholas, that held himself in low esteem, was manifestly cheered thereby; natheless chided he his friend, saying, "John, thou wast overbold to call the Godhead to witness thy wild talk, for thou knowest thy mind floweth to and fro, as Thames-tide doubles daily, and amid the stress and ardours of Heaven, how can the Lord God give ear to thy rattle?" But John the Painter maintained stoutly that he had well sworn, for, "Look!" quoth he, "Justice and Power are His, and belike, if He find them not at Westmynster, at the Great Accompt, He may be satisfied to learn the matter from one that knoweth it."

So years flowed on, and ENGLAND fought at home and overseas with foes temporal and foes spiritual, light spreading here and darkness closing down there, as is ever the case when the matters of Soul and Body are upheaved in conflict together. But at Chelsyth was little altered, for neither War, nor Riches, nor High Ambition came to move its poor estate: the people laboured as heretofore, and their Rector laboured with them, balancing his time, nicely, between the Services of Holy Church and the services rendered to unholy and ignorant men. He grew even more lean and more spare with the increase of years, and green stains of damp on the Church walls ceased not to spread—winters were long, and springs were chilly, and summers were uncertain, and autumns ungenerous in the water meadows of Chelsyth, and ague and Marshfever took tithe of all men; John the Painter came at intervals, rarer and more rare, babbling of the sunshine of Spain and Italy, and shivering over the peat fires in the Priest's House, when he lighted there for a night's lodging: he had grown wide of girth, as Nicholas had grown thin, and he spake not of his Vow, which perchance he had forgotten amid the weightier matters of fame-getting, and money's increase, and fat living. Therefore Nicholas, that loved faithfully and knew not change, knelt often at the altar and prayed to the Holy Trinity, to Mary Mother of Jesus, and to Luke Evangelist, that the words spoken in heat might not rise against him as a vow dishonoured; for "Truly, my Lords and Sweet Lady," pleaded the simple

Priest, "he is of so light a nature that his thistle-down talk mayhap riseth not from Earth to the Holy Ears above!"

With this in mind, Master Nicholas offered many Masses for the redemption of his friend's word; but of himself, and his own glorifying, thought he not at all.

John the Painter had stories to tell, merry or heavy, of the manners of great lords and great ladies—especially of great ladies—of Court doings in Seville or Venice, and suchlike—these moved the Priest to kindly laughter, or kindlier reproving, for he had put the Great World behind him, and therefore was slow to judge those that still trafficked with its wares. And he said nothing to Master John of the hot-foot message that had come to him, a while back, from my Lord of Winchester, to fetch him from Chelsyth to a fat Canonry in the South, for in those very days he was busy with the new and equal Measurements for grain and foison that gave to his husbandmen their rightful place in the markets of Finsbury; equal weight and measure for the whole Kingdom, as by Law proclaimed, might have passed Chelsyth by, but for the vigilance of him that was among its people as one that serveth.

Therefore he gave Winchester's goodly living the go-by, and there came no more such invitations from the world ecclesiastick beyond bankside.

Winchester, presently, had a new Bishop, and Westmynster changed Abbots likewise, and the land rumbled with rumours of wars, temporal and of the Spirit, but whether Edward the Prince shook it, or Master John Wyclif, mattered little to the Parochial of All Hallowes and his Parish, where thirty years passed unnoticed in ever-recurring labour and prayer, tides of humble living that rose and fell like the River's self. Nicholas Hosbounde was bent and grey beyond his years, for he had worked hard and eaten scantily, before That came to Chelsyth that was to break its calm, and still its labour, and quieten its prayers.

Very slowly it crept upon the bankside. First came a cold and lingering Spring, with sullen swell of waters from the higher reaches, spreading across the fields of roots and furrows of grain, lying long in the clay, and rotting all green growth to yellow. Then, though the

gallant Sun shewed not, followed a brooding heat that made men languish at their daily toil, and drop their hands from the mattock or the oars, and tangle the nets at the landing. Some spake of the French ague, and blamed the men-at-arms lately come from the Victory of Crecy, with much drinking and loose living to embellish their valour; but men-at-arms recked not of All Hallowes, and were not like to be the authors of such mischief as this. But with the Octave of S. John Baptist the Black Death leapt forth in its strength, casting aside all pretence of languishing, or seasonable weakness, or passing fevers; this was indeed the Great Plague, straight from the Vials of the Wrath of God, and whether the Great Ones of the Earth provoked it, or the Devil himself had free will to disport him for a season, God wot—Chelsyth received the weight thereof, and fell as corn to the sickle before its march.

Day by day Rector Nicholas went among his people, seeing them die like flies, from hour to hour—there was scarce time to light the fire of resin by the doorway, but one must close the shutters with a tag of black cord swinging, and a "Lord ha' mercy on their soules," to finish the business; in the fosse beyond the North Wall of All Hallowes, the dead lay feet and head for closer muster, and night by night, the Priest read the Service of Burial to this silent company, while such as were bravest, or perchance most reckless, among the living held torches of tar, and shovelled the earth, until their turn came to join their fellows.

The Rector was the last to go.

When the tide of Pestilence turned, and a strong wet wind blew across the River, scourging the empty houses of their smell of death, the long fosse in the Church-litten was a stark clay mound of twenty ells, and under it lay the men, and the wives, and the children whom Nicholas had served and loved. He had christened them with Water, and Salt, and Oil; he had married them with Book and Bell at the Sacrifice of the Mass; he had anointed them for their burying, and put the Body of Christ to their cold lips—now his work was done, the work of a common poor priest among common poor men.

They found him lying on the floor of his room in the Priest's House, for his bed he had given to the sick long

before. John the Painter, hastening from the Low Countries, now that the Plague had passed, met the funeral train with the handful that were left, as it paced slowly down Church Lane, and "Lay him not beneath the High Altar," commanded he, "for he ever loved best the rain, and the sun, and the good earth, and to be among his people!" Therefore, at the stranger lord's high bidding, the bearers set down the bier within the Church, and with a few strokes opened the fosse, and therein lyeth Rector Hosbounde to Judgement Day.

What thoughts of Men's Greatness or Littleness came to John the Painter, as he watched beside the bier, God wot, not I! and he spake them to no man; in youth and in middle lustihood he had babbled much of heedless matters, but as he drew to his sixtieth year his vain talk left him and men marvelled at his gravity.

Yet had not his hand lost anything of its power, and when he painted the window for All Hallowes Church at Chelsyth they that saw the work cried out that Westmynster itself could not match the beauty and richness of this perfection! Therein is shown the form of Nicholas Hosbounde, Rector of Chelsyth for thirty years, that dyed in the year of the Great Plague 1349—at the age of 55 years—yet is he pourtrayed in glass and brave colours, in the young and lusty shape of a Deacon wearing the robes of that early office, and in face looking upward like the great Deacon Stephen, for perchance the same reason.

When they asked of John the Painter his meaning for such pourtrayal, rather than the presentment of the emblems and dignities of the Priesthood, he made but scant answer; yet, as he set the bordering to his portrait of leaves patterned closely together, "Green meat! Green meat!" muttered he, in his beard, and understanding him not, they were fain to forbear questioning.

Then came the Abbot of Westmynster to Chelsyth in the spring of the next year, all fear of the Pestilence being passed, and mighty envious was he of the adornment of All Hallowes, a poor Church, in a poor place, with such a precious possession as the Deacon's Window; but of Rector Nicholas was little spoken and less remembered, for they that loved him died before him, save only John the Painter that was fallen silent.

America in the Theatre

By Horace Shipp

The Fool (Apollo). *The Devil's Disciple* (Everyman).
Fata Morgana (Ambassadors, transferred to Criterion).

THEATRICAL managers aver that the very words "General Election" cause the sensitive plant whose destinies they nurture visibly to wilt. Among those plays which are miraculously escaping disaster, if full houses and excited audiences offer any testimony, are two comparative newcomers from the United States—*Fata Morgana*, which had a New York success in the hands of the Theatre Guild; and *The Fool*, which we are assured ran like a prairie fire through the States, fanned through a period of years by no less than seventeen touring companies.

The critic really concerned with the theatre may be forgiven for being a little chary of anything so widely acceptable to our American neighbours. So one approaches the Apollo Theatre prepared to don æsthetic blinkers to the crudities of the piece, and interested primarily in the problem of what qualities it has that can thus command success, and in the reactions of an English audience towards it. There are other problems. Ethical, social and economic ones for example; for the play projects a personality who essays to tread the path of Tolstoyan Christianity through the affairs of the modern world and finds that it leads from a living in a fashionable church and a place in fashionable society to a single (if comfortable) room in a slum settlement. *En route* the problem of capital *versus* labour is settled on lines of profit-sharing and the co-operative control of industry. *The Fool*, therefore, is what is called a "daring" play, carrying the theme of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* into the sphere of social institutions. It follows that since *en passant* the Church, Society with a large S, Capital with a large C, and other somewhat imposing institutions are attacked, it would need the combined judgments of the saints, the clerics, the economists and representative apologists for the ways of the smart people adequately to discuss the subject-matter of this play.

* Published by Heinemann (3s. 6d. net).

Viewed æsthetically it has the vices and virtues of melodrama. "Curtains" so effective that you are whirled off in the applause that prolongs them; posteresque juxtaposition of good and evil, of capital and labour, of sacrifice and selfishness, human touches so skilfully emotional that the critical faculties of hardened cynics are deadened into sentimentality—all the ingredients of the Lyceum are there. There is an excellent use of the cure of a little cripple child at the moment of the lynching of the Fool by the mob, which was as convincing a piece of stagecraft as of psycho-therapeutics, and it would be a sophisticated playgoer indeed who could resist these things, especially when Henry Ainley as the Fool, Mary Merrall as the woman in the case, and Sara Sothern as the cripple child are doing their melodramatic best. It has to be said that certain other of the parts were quite appallingly acted and unconvincingly written, and it has also to be said that the fourth act is a complete anti-climax, adding nothing save that always unwelcome and tautological thing, a moral, and allowing a good deal of emotion to grow cold.

That, above all, *The Fool* cannot afford, for it is before all else a play of emotion. There is a moment when the company directors are facing the strikers' representatives, and one's mind made a fleeting comparison with a similar scene in Galsworthy's *Strife* only to realise that the difference between this scene of impassioned recrimination and that of judiciously stated loyalty to opposed claims was the difference between the soap-box and the rostrum. In its emotionalism, then, lies the secret of its success, and in that curious side function of the theatre for allowing us to conquer the difficulties of this mundane world by proxy.

As I watched it, I remembered that the week previously I had seen at the Everyman Theatre another play which called itself a melodrama, and concerned itself with the Christian doctrines of self-sacrifice and its efficacy in the affairs of this world. But *The Devil's Disciple*, in spite of its programme, in spite of its excellent melodramatic situations, is not a melodrama. People in melodrama do not change character after the fashion which is Robert Browning's contribution to dramatic psychology; nor has melodrama place for the intellectualised satiric and psychological comment which in this is the precursor of

Androcles and the Lion and parts of the other later plays of Shaw. Its thrills are so much more intellectual than emotional, and, as usual in this author's work, the clash of the drama comes from the opposition of ideas rather than from that of individuals. One hoped in Shaftesbury Avenue that all the people who were so vociferously expressing their concern for the relation of Christian ethics and practical affairs would continue their studies at Hampstead. Even though they fail to grasp the connection between the two pieces they will have the compensation of Mr. Claude Rains's acting and an excellent evening's drama.

The other play from America—or at least, *viâ* America, for it is a translation from the Hungarian—is *Fata Morgana*. It promises to vie with Mr. Channing Pollock's play for longevity, and the sanction of the New York Theatre Guild upon it suggests that it is considerably in advance of that piece in regard to artistic merit. I have to confess that, for my own part, the respective moods in which I went to the two pieces produced their diverse reactions. One cannot help having preconceptions of theatre pieces in these days, and I went to *The Fool* expecting it to be in every respect bad, only to be surprised by its melodramatic effectiveness, whilst with a knowledge of the theme of *Fata Morgana*, of the symbolism used, and of the acting of Tom Douglas and of Jeanne de Casalis, I had created in my mind a perfect piece of poetic realism. Either in the writing or in the translation the play tended to be pedestrian, to have so much of the somewhat comic realism of Hungarian life that the magic with which I had invested it in my imagination was at least alloyed. Even so, *Fata Morgana* is an extraordinary play, with the tragically beautiful theme of a boy's disillusionment and the supremely fine acting of Tom Douglas and Jeanne de Casalis. The story is now common property: that of the eighteen-year-old innocent boy into whose world on the Hungarian Plain for one night and a day comes his cousin's wife, bringing with her the beautiful illusion of great love, and the terrible fading of the illusion when he finds that she is really only the light woman who has played with him as a new experience between her gay life in Budapest and her visit to Deauville. When these two players were on the stage the play was a masterpiece. All through the first act, as one watches the gradual dawn of passion

in the boy, the subtlety of seduction in the woman; at the moments in the second when she is accepting her husband's money and renouncing the new love before his tortured eyes, and in those passages of his final degradation when he, at her behest, lies about this thing which he would give his life for, one is stirred by the almost unbearable tragedy of it. Tom Douglas has a part which might well test the powers of an old and experienced actor. It is his play, yet for long periods when he is on the stage he hasn't a line to utter, and it is the supreme brilliance of his acting that every line of his body is eloquent at those moments. Standing on the hither side of sophistication, one sees every thought take hold of his mind long before words or actions have evidenced it. The difficulty of the part is added to by the fact that George is inherently a dreamer, and only slowly grasps the outward manifestations of life, so that he reacts slowly alike to the lure of his experience and the horror of having to deny it. Tom Douglas showed what he could do with this subject-matter of the disillusioned boy in his acting of Merton, but in *Fata Morgana* he is infinitely more subtle. Jeanne de Casalis, with more obvious material to her hand, is brilliant in another manner. She is a quick-change artist in emotions, able to convince one of the validity of three separate moods in as many minutes. Again one recalled the Everyman Theatre, for we saw her last in *The Man of Destiny*, when she demonstrated this very quality of swiftly moving emotion. In *Fata Morgana* she is convincingly kin to that Morgaine le Fée, whose magic causes the mirage on the Hungarian plains where the action of the play takes place. It is part of her brilliance that she shows us at every moment of the piece just how much she herself is subject to the mirage which her beauty and personality conjure up. Alongside these two stood the comparatively "straight" part of the husband played by Ion Swinley. With the transference of the play to the Criterion Mr. Swinley will have left the cast to take his place in the company at the welcome reopening of the Old Vic., but he gave the part just that touch of heavy braggadocio which it needed.

If America will send us more plays up to the level of *Fata Morgana* and more players as good as Tom Douglas, we will welcome their coming.

Books

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF WILLIAM CONGREVE. By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS revised and enlarged edition of the life, originally published more than thirty years ago, is now probably in its final and standard form. There can be very little left to discover concerning either the life, writings, or coincidental allusions, after the long and scholarly investigations of such a patient and balanced critic as Mr. Gosse. Of the man himself, a fairly complete picture has been pieced together from scattered phrases of his contemporaries—not by any means the debauched pluralist of Thackeray, but, in his epoch, conspicuous for avoidance of offence in his writings, whilst his life, if not regular, was devoid of scandal. Mr. Gosse, weighing his genius in seventeenth-century scales, thinks Congreve well worth a sinecure or two, and points out that it was long before the customary patronage of the great placed the foremost dramatist of his day in anything like affluence. The first thirty years of Congreve's life were probably more fortunate than those of any man of genius. Handsome, modest, and beloved by all who knew him, successful from the moment of first adventure, the favourite of the great Mr. Dryden and the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, unspoiled, with the world at his feet, what more could mortal man desire, except continued favours from fortune? These, alas, his later life lacked; gout, blindness, adiposity, and, above all, the desertion of his muse, found him still sweet-tempered, brave, and gay; an admirable decline for a mere gifted voluptuary. Mr. Gosse places Congreve's comedies first of all in the great school of comic poets of that brilliant, artificial epoch—a little lower only than Molière himself—and now that we are regaining our sense of period values, this rehabilitation of Congreve's comedies has especial significance. To the great Victorians, the entire product of the Restoration dramatist was anathema. Nowadays, we are beginning to enjoy its very artifice and frippery, and, to us, Congreve is to some extent enhaloed by his periwig; therefore it is not merely the student of letters who will delight in Mr. Gosse's masterly study in its new and perfected form.

JOHN DONNE. By HUGH I'ANSON FAUSSET. Jonathan Cape. 12*s*. 6*d*. net.

MR. FAUSSET calls his book "a study in discord," and, surely, no better subject for such a brochure could be found than this perplexing and extraordinary personality, who rounded out a career of base and furious self-seeking, conspicuous in a sycophantic age, by the fiery sincerity of his preaching, when preferment tardily came to him. As a metaphysical poet and author, Donne stands extremely high; as a preacher, he was probably the best and most original of his time; but as a man he was such a curious mixture of careerist and fanatic, that to

disentangle the twisted skein of his spiritual progress is one of the most difficult tasks conceivable. To this solution Mr. Fausset has addressed himself, not as an apologist, but with the laudable desire of tracing the steps and motives of Donne's pilgrimage through Vanity Fair to such final peace as he attained. One cannot accept even the last scene of this life as entirely chastened, for the man who takes delight in sitting for his portrait in his grave-clothes still retains some of the leaven of egotism in dissolution; but this story at least brings out the discordant elements which made Donne a study worth pursuing—the complexity of human motive writ large. Four portraits (the grave-clothes one amongst them) illustrate this excellent and orotund study of an earlier "gloomy dean of St. Paul's."

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL OF TO-DAY. By GERALD GOULD. John Castle. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. GOULD takes 1900 as his watershed, and though some of the last-century writers, by force of quality, surmount this barrier to mingle with the newer stream, it is, quite exactly, recent tendencies with which this critical survey is engaged. Whatever may be our judgment of the new novelist, there can be little question as to the new critic, when he has Mr. Gould's quality: pontification and vitriol have had their day; they served their purpose in engaging the latent malice of the reader and enhancing the prestige of the reviewer; but the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Authors—the intelligent public—has almost abolished this once popular sport. Nowadays the critic has to possess subtler gifts, a kindlier wit, a reasonable consideration, a more catholic humanity—in short, an acknowledgment that an artist has the right to his own methods and subjects, and that the critic's job is to be an artist also, not a common hangman. Mr. Gould divides his consideration of the current novel under such heads as "Psychological," "Biographical," "Sociological," and "Straightforward," and then turns his attention to "Smaller Groups," "The Short Story," and "Best Sellers," and about all these variations he has something wise and witty to say. It is pretty plain that he, in common with a good many others, regards much of the modern mannerisms as mere temporary excursions from the main line of novel writing; amusing enough as experiments, but leading to dead ends. Art experimental is in the air, and intellectual egotism no rare product; but, for all that, this critic is not slow to praise the new thing where it makes good, or, at the very least, to seek the driving force responsible for its origin. A good-tempered and temperate book, written with grace of style and the better grace of sincerity.

DRAMA AND POETRY.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST. With introduction by GRANVILLE BARKER and illustrations by NORMAN WILKINSON. Ernest Benn, Ltd. £4 4s.

MESSRS. BENN have added another volume to their extremely fine edition of Shakespeare, and there is hardly higher compliment to pay

than to say that it is up to the standard set by the four earlier volumes. Mr. Granville Barker writes an introduction which reveals not only scholarly consideration of the text, but the theatre producer's point of view—an entirely different matter. Again we are led to wish that that season at the Savoy which made theatrical history with three Shakespearean productions could have continued, so that the wealth of matter he is putting into these prefaces could find its right expression on the English stage. The arrangement of the plates at the end of the volume is not perhaps so charming as the earlier manner of using the designs as the decorations throughout the text; they tend to dilute each other at such close quarters. The costumes designed by Norman Wilkinson are again reminiscent of that Savoy season, and are beautifully drawn. His schemes for settings (which he does not seem to have echoed in his backgrounds to the figures) seem to be a little uninspired, but it may be that their conscious symmetry is the most exact expression of this most formal of Shakespeare's works.

SELECTED POEMS. By EMILY DICKINSON. Jonathan Cape. 6*s*.

IN these days the great feast of poetry which graced Elizabethan and nineteenth-century England has declined into a diverse monotony of slight achievement comparable rather with the repasts provided by Soho restaurateurs. In a hundred slim volumes we are offered a little and distressingly similar refreshment, with a choice between individuality of matter *or* manner as distracting as the soup *or* fish alternatives of a three-shilling lunch. At a risk of instigating a sex war, one ventures to believe that the women poets cater for the smaller appetites. That is why Emily Dickinson is so amazing. Here is an abundant personality; original in matter, original in manner, rich in thought, and piquant in phrase. Here is no neo-Georgian preoccupation with the sensuous phenomena of nature, but a courageous concern with great and significant things. To grasp her quality one has to conceive of a complex of Blake, Emily Brontë, and, perhaps, Edith Sitwell. This last, because among women poets there is none other so free from the facility of threadbare phrasing, and Emily Dickinson can use words so novel and ideas so daring that we hesitate whether to call a poem illumination or blasphemy. Her technique, with its unexpected assonances and rhythms, is itself an achievement, but one reads her primarily for her philosophy of transcendental individualism expressed with a devastating neatness of language. It is so difficult to realise, in face of these poems made public only since her death, that her date is that of Christina Rossetti.

TRAVEL.

SUNWARD. By LOUIS GOLDING. Chatto and Windus. 7*s*. 6d.

MR. LOUIS GOLDING'S book of Travel Sketches stirs one with a strange excitement. It is like tippling in one of those dark shops where bottles of every undreamed-of shape hold heady Italian wines each with a name like a poem, until it is uncertain whether the intoxication is the product of Italy or of language. Mr. Golding's pages are

so impressionistic that one gets no concrete pictures of Italy other than those which he conjures by his abracadabra of words from one's memory. But he conveys his own passions for places and ideas, and because he has filled the book with his personality he conveys that also. Happily, that personality has the ingredient of an exquisite sense of humour and the wit to convey it; it has an interest in the thousand and one things too human for the guide books, so that we get, in passing, the world of to-day seen through the eyes of this pilgrim to the sun. Undoubtedly there are people to whom Mr. Golding's conscious and often self-conscious prose is a form of torture, and at his worst there is hardly anybody among serious literary people who writes such irritation to the mind; but at his best—and this book is nearly all best—he has genius for the choice of the right and kinetic word from his full vocabulary. Under the intoxication of that language he makes one believe his own traveller's stories. Cook's tourists may exclaim with Turner's landlady that Italy "isn't like that," but with Mr. Golding's book in hand we make the time-honoured retort.

FICTION.

PIPERS AND A DANCER. By STELLA BENSON. Macmillan, 6*s*. net.

MR. GERALD GOULD, in his review of novelists of to-day, makes Miss Benson something of an "also ran," but to a good many other minds she is a disturbingly alluring star in the brilliant constellation of modern women writers; a double star composed of intense spiritual sincerity and elfin wit, flashing with alternate colours as such stars are wont to do. In her latest story, the heroine who dances to queer pipers is one of those girls, sensitised almost to the point of hysteria, in which Miss Benson delights—she herself, in one self-revelatory flash, finds herself imitating a Stella Benson creation—one of those changeling spirits, perversely kneaded into fragile clay, who, whatever else they may be, are dazzlingly interesting. This young girl, "Ipsie," goes out to China to marry a man whom she pretends to herself that she loves, and becomes entangled in the extraordinary atmosphere of his sister's circle; her reactions to the complacent commonplace and spuriously sincere are those of a gilded weathercock, but how wonderfully true to type and with what keen wit expressed! The descriptive writing is so luminously accurate that one gets Tonkin and the Tonkinese touched in, like little Chinese masterpieces, as a surrounding to this story of the relationships of three women gripped in a tangle of false love. Queer enough, but exhilaratingly queer—in short, Stella Benson.

THE NATURE OF A CRIME. By JOSEPH CONRAD and FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Duckworth. 5*s*. net.

THIS little story, written long ago—so long, indeed, that the collaborators had forgotten it—is of special interest to-day as, in part, posthumous Conrad. The two introductions by Conrad and Mr. Ford are graceful examples of self-abnegation. Conrad recalls that it was in the early days of THE ENGLISH REVIEW that the tale was worked out, and Mr. Ford tells us some of the secrets of collaboration, not only

in this story, but in *Romance*. The appendix prints selected chapters from *Romance* with Conrad in roman type and Ford (then Hueffer) in italic—a surprising mosaic with even sentences divided, and no perceptible discontinuity anywhere. We had probably all thought that we could point out the joins in this story, but, with the evidence before our eyes, we bow our heads in silent wonder. As for *The Nature of a Crime* itself, it is less intrinsically interesting than its addenda. We are, of course, rejoiced to have it, and fine spun, even monotonous, as is the theme, it is a notable bit of presentation in monologue. A defaulting trustee, on the verge of suicide to avoid prison, writes these letters to the woman whom he loves and by whom he is loved; his situation is such that, given time, all could be safe, but his contempt for the fatuous youth, whose approaching marriage has precipitated the climax, combined with the superfineness of his love, which prevents its cheapening by fulfilment, combine to point to the final gamble with death. This climax is in the end changed to a sort of "Lady and Tiger" problem, and we are left in the air with what hope we may place in an unknown lady's decision. The charm is in the subtly complicated situation of the writer, who is technically a criminal, calm with the final resolve, unbiased by conventional faith or unbridled passion, putting his case to his unattainable woman as a bequest of his own soul. This is a perfect Conrad theme, and an example of perfect collaboration which even the appendix fails to help us disentangle.

SARD HARKER. By JOHN MASEFIELD. Heinemann. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.

MANY of us are convinced that we have no interest in the type of novel which deals with romantic adventure, with danger and hairbreadth escapes, with violent deeds among violent men. Now, after fourteen years' respite from the novel form, Masefield has given us just such a book; and as we put it down with the discovery that we have sat half through the night in order to finish it, we are prone to confess that theories count little before a fact of art, and that this splendid story of beauty, terror, and courage is worth a hundred of the sick-nurse studies in psychology which tend to monopolise the modern novel. It is magnificent as a story, because his invention never fails or slackens in conceiving incident and adventure, because the picture conveyed of Sard Harker grips one from the start, and because some magical metamorphosis takes place so that one's own body seems to move through these pages inhabited by the personality of Sard. Alongside this is the understanding of Nature by a man who has known her closely and who has power to present her as the greatest antagonist of mankind against whom strength can be measured. That, perhaps, is the real secret of the book—that it depicts a man at grips with destiny and his environment; which is human history and the fundamental of every tale worth the telling.

ARNOLD WATERLOW. By MAY SINCLAIR. Hutchinson. 7*s*. 6*d*.

MISS SINCLAIR has never done better work than the first twenty chapters of this life story. From the time that the little baby boy escapes from his nursery prison and adventures downstairs, to the time

when he goes as a junior to a public school, the brief flashes of illumination which give us the child's mind and his world are tenderly poignant and beautiful. Arnold Waterlow is in some ways the male counterpart of Anne Severn; he has the same noble sincerity towards those he loves, the same delicacy of self-abnegation, and, consequently, he makes a strange tangle of his life. He is pure in heart, and he sees God; the ineffable vision is renewed in him, and keeps him single-minded and clear-sighted. Thus he sees through and beyond the mystery and passion of music which engulfs his best-beloved in a swooning sea. It is all rather wonderfully done, but Arnold is too painfully honourable and clear-souled for the average sensual man's enjoyment, and the exquisite crinolined mother becomes unbelievably hard and shrill in her disappointments. Miss Sinclair has not spared herself in following out her hero's spiritual progress, succeeding almost beyond expectation in making his searchings and questionings interesting, whilst her little pictures of interiors, or ultima suburbia, and of people as "close-ups," are as vivid, discriminating, and picturesque as any she has given us. *Arnold Waterlow* is a notable book; a rather challenging book; and decidedly a book to read and remember, but—perhaps like life itself—it declines from initial splendour to an ashen grey delight.

THE COMING OF AMOS. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. John Lane. *7s. 6d.*

INTO the elegant hedonism of a delightful villa at Cannes, where the still young Royal Academician paints aristocratic portraits, there enters a primitive young giant from the back blocks of Australia, an uncouth Galahad reared in the narrowest of missionary faiths. The situation, and all that arises from such an incursion of innocent prejudice into sophistication, gives to Mr. Locke's new story a stimulating motion. A delicately elusive Russian Princess, Naida, is the real central figure of the story. She is exquisitely done, a charming wraith around whom all the sounder figures of the story revolve. There is knavery and bravery, and no lack of personages in this well-set and well-played drama of love—for Naida is made to be loved—as well as the progress of youth towards fulfilment. This artist tells the story in the modulated tones of one who knows his world, for, with a change of *métier*, he is Mr. Locke himself; and if David Fonteney's portrait of the Princess was better than Mr. Locke's big canvas of the long *Côte d'Azur* and its remarkable assemblage of types, he was an artist indeed. A very delightful story of a suave and graceful raconteur, employing the materials of the cinema to construct a rounded work of art.

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The Awakening of Tropical Africa

By

R. St. Barbe Baker

On page 739.

Empire Notes

India's New High Commissioner

Sir Dadiba Dalal, who, owing to ill-health, has unfortunately had to vacate the post of High Commissioner for India in London, which he has occupied with much distinction, will have a worthy successor in Mr. A. C. Chatterjee, C.I.E., who has had a brilliant career in the Indian Civil Service and has latterly been member of the Viceroy's Executive Council in charge of the Department of Industries and Labour. He has in recent years represented the Government of India at the International Labour Conferences which were inaugurated at Washington in 1919, and has had the responsibility of incorporating the decisions reached at these conferences in the industrial legislation of the Indian Empire. He has always been a

keen student of economics, and was the first Indian to become Chief Secretary to the Government of the United Provinces, afterwards becoming a member of the Indian Munitions Board. Prior to succeeding Sir Thomas Holland as Industries Member of the Executive Council, he was for some time Secretary of the Industries Department.

Imperial Preference

At the time of writing, this country is in the throes of the third general election within two years. From the Dominion point of view the chief interest centres in the possibility of a reversal of the unfavourable verdict passed in December on the preference proposals of the Imperial Economic Conference. Should the Conservatives regain the position they held previous to last year's election, one of their first acts will doubtless be to introduce a Bill to give effect to these proposals. Unfortunately, much damage has been done to the cause of Imperial Preference in the past few months, particularly in Canada, and though this country cannot complain of the reaction against one-sided Preference that is showing itself overseas, those who realise what such a movement means to British export trade cannot view the position without grave anxiety, while the effect on Empire settlement has been deplorable. An interesting sequence to British rejection of the policy of reciprocal Preference has been the conclusion of an agreement between Canada and Australia for mutual Preference in respect of certain specified articles. The agreement, which places Canadian manufacturers of paper and motor cars on a level with United Kingdom makers in the Australian market, may have a marked effect on British exports of paper to the Commonwealth, and this is not the only branch of trade that may be affected by the new conditions. No one in this country will be so foolish as to endeavour to make a grievance out of a development that is very largely a consequence of the shortsightedness of the British electorate, and Canada is to be congratulated on securing a concession that her manufacturers have long desired. At the same time, what has happened should convey a clear warning of the danger that at some future time Australia and other Dominions may find themselves compelled to make similar agreements with foreign countries, if Britain

persists in refusing special treatment to Dominion produce in the United Kingdom market.

What are British Goods?

Both Australia and New Zealand have decided to increase from 25 to 75 per cent. the proportion of British material and/or labour that entitles goods to be admitted under the preferential tariff. For some time past there have been complaints that goods composed mainly of foreign materials, and partly manufactured on the Continent, have been gaining entry under the preferential tariff. Boots, of which the uppers are made in Europe and only a small amount of work is done in British factories, and iron and steel goods in which Continental steel is employed, have been cited as outstanding examples. It is easier to admit the unfairness of the wholesale evasion of the spirit underlying the grant of preference to British goods than to suggest a workable remedy that will not introduce serious complications; and it is to be feared that, particularly in the case of Australia, difficulties will arise from the attempt to fix an inelastic 75 per cent. as the proportion entitling goods to the benefits of the preferential tariff. The cases of Australia and New Zealand differ, as the latter regards as "British" for customs valuation purposes materials derived from parts of the Empire other than the British Isles, while a strict interpretation of the Australian customs law would exclude the raw material of British woollen goods from participation in the percentage of labour and material entitled to be regarded as "British," even if the wool came from Australia itself. So long as the percentage was only 25 this point did not arise, but it is almost certain to do so in the case of a good many articles when the percentage is raised to 75. To take pianos as an example, it is doubtful whether a percentage even as high as 50 would not exclude all such instruments made by British firms. It is to be feared that, desirable as the new policy may be in theory, its practical administration will prove very difficult.

Empire Exchanges

The intra-Empire exchange problem has again obtruded itself as the result of the high cost of remitting money to Australia. It is not easy to get at the facts of the case, and there is considerable

difference of opinion as to the true position in regard to Australian credits in London. It seems clear, however, that heavy borrowing by the Commonwealth has been a material factor in bringing about the premium on the Australian pound and the great excess of visible imports over visible exports in the Australian trade returns. The chief cause is, however, the removal of the governor of the engine, in the shape of gold movements, which formerly permitted rapid adjustments to be made and thereby prevented any large disparity between the British and the Australian pounds. Until gold again takes its place in the intra-Empire exchange markets there is not much prospect of a return to pre-war conditions. Should South Africa decide to restore convertibility of its note issue at the end of June next, the South African pound will go to a premium over the British pound corresponding to that at which the dollar stands. As this would act as a check on South African exports, it seems probable that unless the premium on gold is materially reduced in the next few months—an unlikely contingency—the Union Government will hesitate to run the risks that a restoration of convertibility would involve.

The Tanganyika Mandate

VAGUE fears as to the possible short duration of the British Mandate for Tanganyika Territory, which have operated as a check to the investment of capital in the Territory, will be allayed by a statement made at Dar-es-Salaam by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, M.P., who was a member of the original Mandates Commission at Geneva. He explained that there is no time limit to the mandate, which cannot be taken from Great Britain without her consent, and he promised to make a statement in the House of Commons on the subject. Mr. Ormsby-Gore also undertook to convey to the Colonial Office the desire expressed by the Dar-es-Salaam Chamber of Commerce for the establishment of a legislative council, with some representation of the unofficial element in the Territory. His advice to producers and commercial men to perfect their own organisations in order that they might be in a position to make collective representations to the Government was sound, and it is to be hoped that it will be acted upon.

Dominions and the Geneva Protocol

In Canada, Australia and New Zealand distrust of the Arbitration Protocol adopted by the Assembly of the League of Nations has been manifested. It is recognised in the Dominions that immigration questions may lead to friction, and there is no doubt that any attempt by a combination of European States or by Japan to instruct the Dominions as to how they should regulate immigration would cause the latter to withdraw from the League. The possibility of the League attempting to control the destination of Canadian exports of nickel has also been mentioned in Canada as a contingency to be taken into account; and there is nervousness lest the adoption of the Protocol should lead to the permanent exclusion of the United States from the League. Mr. Hughes, the former Prime Minister of Australia, is definitely opposed to Australian acceptance of the Protocol, which, in his opinion, places the "White Australia" policy at the mercy of the League.

Fiji's Jubilee

On October 10th the prosperous Crown Colony of Fiji celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of British rule in the archipelago as the result of the voluntary cession of the islands by the Fijian chiefs, headed by King Thakombau. Sir Maynard Hedstrom, writing in *The Times* on the jubilee of British rule in Fiji, names as the two most prominent advantages that have accrued to the islands the complete disappearance of cannibalism and the saving of the Fijian race from the threatened extinction by disease. The various missions working in the archipelago have converted the entire native population and done great work in the educational sphere. According to Sir Maynard Hedstrom, "there is not a commercial aspect of Fijian life to-day that does not still offer rich reward to capital well placed, to brains well used, and to service well given."

Ceylon Enters a New Phase

The political demands of the Ceylonese have, generally speaking, been voiced with a moderation which does them credit, and their attitude of restraint has met with its due reward in the new Constitution, under which a fresh Legislative Council was elected on September 27th. The English Review in its June issue called attention to the Order in Council

passed in December, 1923, by which the number of unofficial members in the Ceylon Legislative Council was increased from 23 to 37, and the number of official members reduced from 14 to 12. The popularly elected representatives thus have a larger majority than in any previous Council, and while the new Constitution preserves to the Governor the right to attend and preside over the meetings of the Council when he deems it fit to do so, the Council will elect a Vice-President who will ordinarily preside. This, of course, is a highly prized concession, the wisdom of which has yet to be proved. At the time of writing the name of the elected Vice-President has not yet been received, but that of Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan has been suggested. Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan was leader of the Opposition in the Legislative Councils of 1907-1912, a period which coincided with the Governorship of Sir Henry McCallum, Sir Hugh Clifford being Colonial Secretary. Sir Hugh, who has been appointed Governor of Ceylon, will not arrive in the colony until May, 1925, but when he does assume office it is fully expected that he will find that his old political adversary will have become one of his warmest supporters. It is twelve years since Sir Hugh Clifford left Ceylon, and the controversy regarding the local Excise policy which caused him to be unpopular with a certain section of the Ceylonese has long since died a natural death. Some of Colombo's leading European citizens have very properly been at pains to associate themselves on public platforms with Ceylonese candidates for certain seats on the Legislative Council. Hitherto in Ceylon the average European has not concerned himself with politics. This unfortunate apathy is receiving the attention of the European Association of Ceylon, and it is slowly but surely being impressed upon the European that unless he is prepared to risk political extinction he must rouse himself and play his proper part in local affairs. Ceylon is undertaking a great experiment, having with its new Constitution very nearly attained the goal of self-government. It is confidently hoped that, during the next five years, the colony, by its continued commercial prosperity and the happiness of its inhabitants, will be a shining example to the world of British fairness and wisdom in colonial administration.

The Awakening of Tropical Africa

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WHETHER European policy in respect of Africa has been right or wrong is not within my province to discuss, but it cannot be doubted that the interference of Western civilisation with the primitive methods of comparative savagery has resulted in a state of flux and change for which Europe is responsible. East Africa, and in fact the whole of the tropical areas surrounding the Equator, may in time and with wise guidance become capable of governing themselves; but the time is not yet, and we who have aroused the tremors of what was once a nation cannot hold ourselves guiltless until and unless we have satisfied our own consciences and assisted to their legitimate end the aspirations of people who are in the early stages of a great awakening.

The future of Africa lies with the African, and this more particularly applies to the Central and Equatorial zone. With the exception of the Highlands surrounded by the mountain groups of Kenya, Kilimanjaro and Elgon, little of this is suited for white settlement. I think I am right in saying that the policy of the British Government must be very strongly opposed to any encouragement being given to projects which have for their object the creation of European owned and managed plantations to replace agricultural industries which are already in existence, or which are capable of being developed by the Africans themselves. I do not wish to minimise the value of some of the larger economic wants created, or the good habits formed, under a conscientious European employer. There is no reason why every British homestead should not become a school, both mental and technical, with mutual benefit to the settler and his African employees. This is well shown by the progress which has been made by the

tribes amongst whom European settlement has taken place, but, with the exception of the Highland area before mentioned, little of the whole territory is suitable for permanent white settlement. I would rather regard Central and East Africa as a whole in an endeavour to produce a constructive policy which must utilise the energies of all tribes and classes in the building of a strong and healthy community.

The record of Government service in Africa has not been altogether faultless, and although on the whole the advantages to African life have outweighed the disadvantages, the Government has often been unwise and ineffective. Colonial Governments, generally speaking, suffer from a notable lack of imagination. They do not wilfully inflict wrong, nor are they consciously neglectful. The harm perpetrated is merely the result of ignorance of local conditions.

Africa is at last awakening from an age-long inertia, and there is a slow but sure movement in which one can already recognise the beginnings of a race consciousness amongst millions of people who have up till now been regarded as the most backward races of mankind. It is a fact that these peoples—cut off from the rest of the world—have evolved a social system and moral code which are more or less suited to their requirements. The tendency with us has been to regard them all as savages because their attitude towards life has differed from our own. We have pitied them and endeavoured to impose upon them our civilisation, never stopping to think for a moment whether it is suited to their own environment or would alleviate their lot or make life the happier for them. Countries such as this have been invaded first by the explorer, then by the trader and missionary, followed in rapid succession by the administrator and the settler. Whether we have been welcome or not, we were often uninvited. We have taken upon ourselves responsibilities which we like to term "the white man's burden."

All this has been accomplished so quickly that we have not had time to get to know the African point of view, and just as we were flattering ourselves that with our advent inter-tribal warfare had vanished, the European war obtruded itself into the heart of Africa and showed the

Africans that what they had before regarded as war was, in comparison, merely child's play. If we stop to think seriously, and take the war factor into consideration, we shall find it difficult to decide whether from the African point of view the advantages of our presence have up to the present outweighed the disadvantages. It is difficult to estimate the damage to European prestige as the result of the last war in which many thousands of Africans were hurled against each other, apparently without rhyme or reason. The exigencies of warfare necessitated the recruiting of carriers from the Highlands, who were taken from their natural haunts and transplanted hundreds of miles away into low-lying lands for which they were constitutionally unfit. Again, soldiers were recruited from the tropical coast and subjected to wintry weather in the Highlands; both mistakes causing colossal loss of man power.

If the war had to be, so far as Europe was concerned, by all possible means it should have been kept out of Africa; however, what has happened has happened, and we must in consequence face profound and disturbing changes. No one can tell what the outcome may be. The fact is that Africa is awakening—but to what? The present is tense with expectancy. Some of us who have taken pains to study the African point of view realise the tremendous dangers with which the present wonderful opportunities are necessarily fraught. Recent events have superficially speeded up the evolution of Africa in an abnormal way, and conditions which took us hundreds of years at which to arrive will come to them in as many decades. It is true that much of this is merely superficial; for, side by side with the invasion of modern civilisation, old tribal customs and beliefs still hold sway. The coming of the motor car and telephone cannot be said to have usurped the authority of the Witch Doctor, and the great bulk of the population still remains illiterate and is therefore an easy prey to a few semi-educated students.

The war has taught the African the secret of organisation, and it is only necessary for one to witness one of the larger N'gomas, or dances, which are held regularly every Sunday night in such large towns as Mombasa, to realise this to the full. To the stranger his first view is indeed an impressive sight. Just before five o'clock in the evening

thousands of people begin to arrive from all quarters of the city, led by their captains, and finally assemble on a large open place where a huge crowd of spectators have gathered. Numerous companies arrive strictly to time, and are under the complete control of their leaders. Each company may be characteristically dressed, and since the war old regimental uniforms have been used, each company representing either a regiment or clan.

Before they finally arrive to take part in the big performance, the companies have been drilled separately earlier in the afternoon in their own quarters. Apart from the regiments and clans, many form tableaux and employ most ingenious disguises. Perhaps on one occasion they will camouflage themselves with branches of trees and masquerade as forests, and the spectator literally sees "men as trees walking." Another tableau may surround a huge model of a destroyer or battleship. This is built up upon trolleys and propelled by dozens of men who are hidden under the painted canvas. The captain is on the bridge controlling a miniature battle, and artificial flames spurt out from the drain-pipe guns. Later on a rival fleet may be seen approaching in the opposite direction, and a mock battle will ensue, which generally ends in one or both of the fleets going up in flames.

There is no limit to the ingenuity employed on these occasions; but what impresses an onlooker more than anything else is the splendid staff work of the men controlling things behind the scenes. All this wonderful staff work could be easily exploited, and it would not be a difficult task to enlist the aid of the leaders and find here a ready-made army, drilled, disciplined and all but equipped for war.

Those who have watched these gatherings in their thousands must be led to ask the question, "To what end is all this? Is it merely a form of amusement, or is there some ulterior motive known only to a few fanatical leaders whose goal is at present secret?"

The African is very susceptible to personal influence, but merely tolerant to the conventional treatment too often meted out to him by the white man. The truth is the events of recent years have tended to bring home to the African the sense of power. He has become a living factor, and

old methods of administration will no longer suffice. From out of the aftermath of war has arisen a new order of things. The awakening to which I have previously referred will undoubtedly tend towards the assimilation of ideas which must logically end in the rebirth of a nation.

Little is known to the European of the ancient history of Central Africa, and even now this is only revealed to those who have been received by the inner circle of the Council of Elders. This ancient inter-tribal institution is the sole guardian of the history of the past which has been handed down by word of mouth through its members. It represents the combined intelligence of the native Africans.

My own experience has tended to convince me that all the Central Tribes have a common origin, with common traditions and common ideals. Some romanticists might consider that this was due to the preaching or teaching of Prester John. In the past it would appear that there had been a Central Kingdom to which the whole owed allegiance. They look back upon a golden age and, as it were, gain inspiration which must influence their attitude towards the future. The presence of the white man in their midst they regard as transitory, although their witch doctors and medicine men have prophesied the coming of strangers and had counselled the multitude to "Listen well to their words, for they are a wise people and will bring you good." These prophecies were uttered by the seers, whose descendants the white man is trying to discredit. There is a profound belief in the ultimate return of a glorious age, and those of the people who have regard to the ancient prophecies referring to the coming of the white man believe that the British are the chosen instrument.

Never has there been such an opportunity as presents itself to-day to the administrators in our African colonies to turn to account the goodwill of the tribes for whom they are responsible. The first impressions of the British were good. Our early pioneers were there rather to impress than to exploit; they represented a great, rich kingdom over the seas, of which her subjects were proud to be part.

I have avoided direct reference to religious matters, but I am far from under-estimating the value of the various Christian missions and of the work they have done amongst

the African tribes. I am, however, purposing to deal with material rather than spiritual advancement, and it will be admitted that the two do not necessarily go hand in hand. Leaving apart the moral and ethical points of view, it may be doubted whether an alien people can greatly influence the mentality of a lower race until such time as they have shown that their methods result in a higher degree of bodily comfort. This may sound iconoclastic, but it is not so in reality, and a little thought will show that iconoclasm in truth consists in destroying or weakening the beliefs of a people in the faith of their ancestors before they have been educated up to a point at which they can fairly be expected to accept a creed demanding a higher standard of intelligence than is required by most of the ancient rituals. A great ideal does of necessity require to be approached by gradual stages, and while human and animal natures remain as they are at present, it is more effective to produce material benefits in the first place and to explain at a later stage how the practical line has been guided by the spiritual. The material policy of Great Britain has always been governed by this principle, and although it cannot be claimed that the lion and the lamb can safely be left unguarded in the same enclosure, we can say with truth that no other nation and no other policy has yet succeeded so well in guiding the destinies of peoples who now live side by side in amity, although naturally hostile to each other in view of their different religions and traditions.

We have in East and Central Africa a territory of vast extent, full of natural resources and comparatively sparsely inhabited by a number of races and communities in a low stage of civilisation. The progress made by the different tribes varies in accordance with the treatment that they have received at the hands of the intruders. Taught by Nature to be wary of that which they do not understand, the aborigines of any country cannot but hesitate before accepting the manners and methods of those who seek to alter their whole outlook. It may be conceded that such acceptance does usually lead to an increased degree of material prosperity, but it has too often happened that the consequence of white colonisation has been the demoralisation of the native, who is called upon to pass in a few years through the stages which the ancestors of his tutors had spent many generations in mastering. The rapid

methods of thought, travel and communication which are now necessities in the West, cannot be safely planted as a ready-made whole on a comparatively primitive population.

It is even open to argument whether all the vaunted privileges of the higher civilisation are in themselves sufficient to justify the replacement of simplicity by complexity, or the substitution of hurry and bustle for the *régime* of passive content; but these things must come whether we will it or no, and the least we can do is to use our best endeavour to see that those whom we have made dependent upon us for their advancement are successfully made ready to meet the oncoming waves of progress.

Before our advent the races and tribes of Africa were separate entities, each with its own laws and hereditary customs. On this structure we have of necessity superimposed a common law, and our endeavour is now to encourage a common respect for this law and for those who live under it, irrespective of tribe or district. Appeals to justice, as represented by law, now take the place of the former elementary appeals to force of arms, and Tribal Councils settle matters in conference which in former days would have involved fierce conflict and much bloodshed. Inter-tribal distrust and suspicion cannot, however, be overcome by such methods alone, and to combat this effectively it is necessary to provide some absorbing distraction in which the rivalry of the past may find friendly vent without disturbing the ashes of ancient feuds.

Our own country and the rest of the so-called civilised world find relief in international games and the like, but games (as apart from tests of individual skill and prowess) are themselves a product of an advanced civilisation, and do not readily provide a common meeting ground for peoples to whom they are unfamiliar. The appeal must be to the imagination in the first instance at least, and it was with this idea that the Forest Scout Movement was inaugurated in East Africa. I have referred in previous articles to this organisation, which is without distinction of class, tribe or origin, and has for its main object the encouragement of friendly relations amongst all dwellers in tropical Africa. The uneducated must be shown a definite object before they can be expected to devote themselves to any purpose, and, as I have previously explained, the accredited and ostensible duty of the Forest Scouts

is to guard and protect their native woods and trees, and to ensure that whenever a tree is cut down or destroyed a new one is planted in its stead. This idea is sufficiently valuable in itself, but beneath it lie the foundations of a much wider ideal embodying the gradual uplifting of the public mind to the standards which are set for our own Boy Scouts, and leading ultimately to the high level of citizenship which is essential to the well-being of an Empire comprehensive of nearly every nationality on earth.

Judged from our point of view, the Africans of whom I write present a very curious mingling of qualities both good and bad, but unhappily it must be admitted that hitherto contact with the white man has too often tended more to develop the weak points than to strengthen the good ones of their character. Physically brave, but mentally fearful, they are easy to lead but hard to drive as they tread the unknown, unless placed under the immediate guidance of one whom they trust. Self-indulgent by custom, habit, and the nature of their surroundings, they are liable to hanker after the fleshpots rather than the higher things of civilisation. Moral through fear of tribal customs and use, they are prone to be anything but moral when brought under the comparatively mild jurisdiction of Western law. Physically well-built and powerful, they —in common with most tropical and semi-tropical races— have little stamina and succumb easily to epidemics which we might consider slight. Superstitious and credulous, but eager to learn and quick to understand, they are readily imbued with a wish to advance, though their unstability of temperament often causes them to lose interest before the goal is reached. With vivid imaginations as regards things supernatural, they are slow to visualise the possibilities of material change, and reforms can only come about by ocular demonstration of improved results. Naturally slovenly and idle, they can only be made to improve their condition by having the consequences of steady and systematised labour brought directly before them.

Withal, a lovable and trustful people, for whose welfare we have assumed responsibility, and to whom we therefore owe all the care and guidance which it is in our power to give.